APRIL, 1928

# THE METHODIST MAGAZINE

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778.

*London*
*The Methodist Publishing House*
*J. Alfred Sharp*

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

# Board of Management for Wesleyan Secondary Schools.

The Wesleyan Conference has under its control FOUR PUBLIC BOARDING SCHOOLS for the sons of Methodists and others.

SITUATED IN CONVENIENT CENTRES. INCLUSIVE FEES VARY FROM 60 GUINEAS TO £75 PER ANNUM.

*All profits are devoted to improvements. All parents desiring a sound education for their boys are urged, before coming to a decision, to obtain illustrated Prospectuses from the Head Masters.*

**East Anglian School, Bury St. Edmunds.**
JOHN W. SKINNER, M.A. (Lond.)

**Kent College, Canterbury.**
ALFRED BROWNSCOMBE, M.A. (Cantab.)

**Truro College, Cornwall.**
EGBERT H. MAGSON, M.A., (Lond.), B.Sc. (Bir.)
*Special arrangements for Boys from Abroad.*

**Woodhouse Grove, Apperley Bridge, Bradford.**
CLIFFORD W. TOWLSON, M.A. (Oxon.)

**A Wesleyan Boarding School for Girls: WEST CORNWALL COLLEGE, Penzance.**
Lady Principal: Miss HANNA, B.A. (Apply to the Lady Principal.)

*Prospectuses may also be obtained of the Secretary, Board of Management for Wesleyan Secondary Schools (Central Offices), 130 Horseferry Road, Westminster, London, S.W.1.*

*First and second editions sold out. Third edition now ready.*

# Christian Findings after Fifty Years.

**BY FRANK BALLARD, D.D.**

**Demy 8vo, cloth. 6/- net. (Post 6d.)**

'A great book by a great student, who writes as he speaks, with a knowledge in his belief, and without intolerance and dogmatic assertion.'
—**Sheffield Independent.**

'Dr. Ballard offers his readers an autobiography of an unusual character. It will pay readers and preachers to get this book. Passion for truth lights up every page.' —**Methodist Leader.**

'There is a great deal of solid and reverent thinking, and the thought has behind it the almost unique experience of the writer as a defender of the Faith.'
—**Methodist Recorder.**

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.
*Buy locally and save postage.*

**THE EPWORTH PRESS,**
**(J. Alfred Sharp),**
**25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.**

*VOLUMES OF FIRST IMPORTANCE.*

## JOHN WESLEY, the Master Builder.

By J. S. SIMON, D.D. Demy 8vo. Cloth, gilt. **18/-** net. (Post 9d.)

Dr. Simon's earlier volumes have obtained wide recognition as the most complete and authoritative record of the various stages of the Evangelical Revival. His latest volume covers the period from 1757 to 1772 when Methodism became firmly rooted in this country and began its triumphant progress in America.

## FRANCIS ASBURY, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

By JAMES LEWIS. Demy 8vo. Cloth. With eight illustrations. **7/6** net. (Post 6d.)

Mr. Lewis has lavished his care and skill on this amazing record and Asbury stands out as a priceless gift to America. 'The heart and intellect alike of Mr. Lewis have caught the glow of devotion to his hero,' says Rev. T. F. Lockyer.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.
*Buy locally and save postage.*

**THE EPWORTH PRESS,**
**(J. Alfred Sharp),**
**25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.**

*A FAMOUS PENNY HYMN BOOK IN A NEW ENLARGED EDITION*

# THE CRUSADER'S HYMNAL

**Prices**

Paper ... ... 1*d.*
Covered ... ... 1½*d.*
Limp Cloth Covers 3*d.*
Large Type Edition 4*d.* to 2/-

A NEW EVANGELISTIC HYMN-BOOK FOR POPULAR SERVICES

A SPLENDID SELECTION CONTAINING 112 POPULAR HYMNS

Specimen post free, 1½*d.*

**Edition with Music**
**Demy 8vo. Old Notation.**

Paper Covers ... 1/6
Limp Cloth ... 2/-
Cloth Boards ... 2/6

**Also in Sol-fa at same prices**

**THE 'CHOIR' OFFICE, 25 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.**

BOOKS FOR THE

# BUNYAN TERCENTENARY.

*JUST READY.*

**JOHN BUNYAN:**
**His Life and Times.**
**By R. Winboult Harding, B.D.**
cloth, gilt, two illustrations, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Post 3d.)

**THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.**
**By John Bunyan.**
Cloth, with one or more Illustrations in colour. 1s. 3d. net, 2s. net, 3s. 6d. net.

**A CHILD'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.**
**By H. G. Tunnicliff, B.A.**
Parts 1 and 2. Cloth, Illustrated, 2s. net each.
The immortal story retold in simple language for young people.

**THE PILGRIM ROAD:**
**Studies in the Pilgrim's Progress.**
**By W. B. Fitzgerald.**
Small crown 8vo., 1s. net.

**THE PILGRIM'S WAY.**
**By W. B. Brash, B.D., B.A., B.Litt.**
Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d. net.
Contains many interesting references to Bunyan and his characters.

## Important Reference Books.

**The Ministers' and Laymen's Handbook**
**for the Conduct of Business in Circuit Meetings.**
Revised to the Conference of 1927 by JOHN ELSWORTH. Cloth. 2s. 6d. net. (Post 3d.).

**List of Circuit Stewards in Great Britain, 1928.**
Paper cover, 9d. net. (Post 1½d.).

**THE EPWORTH PRESS,**
J. ALFRED SHARP,
**25-35 City Road, London, E.C.1.**



# EPWORTH PRESS

**NEW ISSUES.**

**THEOLOGY AND GENERAL.**

**A Temple of Topaz:**
**Texts that Made History.**
By F. W. BOREHAM. Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt. 6s. net (Post 4d.).

**The Bible among Men.**
Sermons by J. H. RITSON, M.A., D.D. Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt. 3s. 6d. net. (Post 4d.).

**Christianity and the League of Nations.**
By A. W. HARRISON, M.C., D.Sc., D.D. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net (Post 4d.) also paper cover, 2s. 6d. net (Post 3d.).

**The Redemption of Human Life.**
By G. B. ROBSON. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. (Post 4d.).

**The Transforming Friendship**
**A Book about Jesus and Ourselves.**
By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A. Coth. 3s.6d. net. (Post 4d.).

**The Great Realities.**
Sermons by SAMUEL J. HOBAN. Cloth, gilt. 3s. 6d. net (Post 4d.).

**Moses and Jesus.**
**A Primer of Sociology.**
By G. R. H. SHAFTO and A. GORDON JAMES. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net (Post 4d.).

**The Religious Basis of Citizenship.**
By V. D. SIDDONS, B.A. Crown 8vo. Cloth 2s. 6d. (Post 2d.). Paper 1s. 6d. (Post 1d.).

**Protestantism Justified.**
**Christian Truth versus Romish and Anglo-Catholic Error.**
By FRANK BALLARD, D.D. Crown 8vo., paper, 1s. net (Post 1d.).

**Our Father and His Family.**
By J. E. RATTENBURY. Foolscap 8vo. Paper cover. 1s. net. Cloth 2s. net. (Post 1½d.).
A Devotional and Social Study of the Lord's Prayer.

**The Singing Parson.**
By HERBERT QUINN. Crown 8vo. Paper cover. 1s. net. (Post 1½d.)
A series of stories with a fine evangelistic note.

For extended notice of these books, see Book Chat at end of this issue.

Of all Booksellers. *Buy locally and save postage.*

**THE EPWORTH PRESS,**
(J. ALFRED SHARP),
**25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.**
City Agent, R. J. JAMES,
10-12 Ivy Lane, E.C.4.

# RECENT 'EPWORTH' BOOKS.

## A Parson's Log.

By GEORGE JACKSON, B.A., D.D. Crown 8vo. Cloth, **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

'Over 40 essays on some phase of life from the Christian standpoint. Much wise guidance, a fount of humour, and a deal of very fine writing,' says the *Nottingham Journal.*

## Sayings and Portraits of Charles Wesley.

With Family Portraits, Historic Scenes, and additional Portraits of John Wesley, the whole forming a Wesley portrait gallery. Compiled and Edited by JOHN TELFORD, B.A. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

## Christian Evidences and Teaching.

By R. P. HADDEN, M.D. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

This volume is intended to help those who earnestly wish to take the Bible at its full face value, as well as to be of assistance to those who have embraced a 'modernist' attitude. The author expresses his strong conviction that the Bible has nothing to fear from facts.

## The Doctrines of Jesus.

By W. H. BATHO GIBBON, B.D. Cloth boards. **3/-** net. (Post 3d.)

A penetrating story concisely written. Free from technical phraseology, the foundations of Christian truth and religious experience are dealt with in a way that will awaken and hold the interest of the reader.

## The Personality of Paul.

By H. G. TUNNICLIFF, B.A. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. **3/-** net. (Post 3d.) Paper cover, **2/-** net. (Post 2d.)

Twelve studies in which the amazing influence which the Apostle to the Gentiles exercised over the minds and hearts of men is discussed with sympathy and understanding. Questions for study circles are appended to the readings.

## The Whip of the Will.

Essays by Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **2/-** net. (Post 2½d.)

Twelve intimate articles on the development of character. The counsel offered is friendly, sound, and wise.

## Sunset Gleams.

By FAIRLIE THORNTON. Art levant boards. Gilt. **1/6** net. (Post 2d.)

A collection of prose articles and poems by this well-known Australian author.

## The Sacramental Society.

By C. RYDER SMITH, B.A., D.D. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. **5/-** net. (Post 5d.)

In this, the Fernley Lecture, 1927, Dr. Ryder Smith discusses the Sacramental Principle and related subjects from the point of view of psychological analogy, comparing the results with the teaching of the Bible, and showing their bearing both upon the controversy between the Evangelical and the Sacerdotalist and upon the Re-union of the Churches.

## The Minister among his People.

Practical Hints on Pastoral Psychology. By W. DEANE, M.A., B.D. Cr. 8vo. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

To the preacher who wishes intensively to cultivate the pastoral side of his ministry Mr. Deane offers practical counsel. The testimony of personal experience reinforces the writer's observations.

## God's Message.

Sermons and Addresses by GEORGE G. FINDLAY, B.A., D.D. Edited, with a Biographical Sketch, by MARY G. FINDLAY, M.Sc. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. **5/-** net. (Post 5d.)

*God's Message* is a set of Sermons and Addresses by George G. Findlay which will stir many delightful memories of a prince among scholars and a profound master of New Testament exposition.

## The Letters of Two Friends.

Correspondence of W. L. WATKINSON and F. W. MACDONALD, 1919-1925. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

'There was a peculiar and life-long friendship between the two men. . . . For both life was a strenuous affair.' In this intimate correspondence they write of friends and current affairs; of literature, and the books they loved. 'A rare gem,' says the *British Weekly.*

## The Ethics and Economics of Family Endowment.

By ELEANOR F. RATHBONE. Demy 8vo. Cloth. **2/6** net. (Post 3d.) Paper **1/6** net. (Post 2d.)

Miss Rathbone, in this Beckly Lecture, deals with the important subject of Family Endowment, and shows how it appeals to those who profess to base their conduct on the principles of Christianity.

## Foundations of our Faith.

Papers by Twelve Authors, on vital subjects. Belief in God, the Resurrection, the Bible, Prayer, &c. Crown 8vo. Boards. **1/-** net (Post 1½d.)

## The Road of Life.

By HERSTON TRAVERS. Cr. 8vo. Paper boards. **1/-** net. (Post 1½d.)

Twelve talks on Friendship, Love, Being Married, Children, &c. All cheery and wise.

A full list of new and recent issues will be sent on request.

THE EPWORTH PRESS, J. Alfred Sharp, 25-35 City Rd., LONDON, E.C.1.

# CONTENTS

*Frontispiece—*

FOUR VETERAN INDIAN MISSIONARIES—REVS. D. A. REES, J. H. VANES, B.A., H. GULLIFORD, G. W. SAWDAY.

PAGE

OUR APRIL NUMBER—THE REV. HENRY GULLIFORD—THE BELIEF OF CATHOLICS—SUSANNA WESLEY'S MARRIAGE 'THE EAST END STAR'—'POEMS BY PAMELA' - - 193
By the Editor.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN SOUTH INDIA—HALF A CENTURY OF PROGRESS - - - - - - - - - 195
By Henry Gulliford.

EASTER MORN—A NEW EASTER HYMN AND TUNE - - 204
By W. H. Maude.

REMINISCENCES. XV. - - - - - - - - - 205
By J. Scott Lidgett, M.A., D.D.

THE JOY OF YOUTH (POETRY) - - - - - - - 207
By T. A. Lindsay.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLESHIP. IV.—THE MEANING OF LOVE - 208
By H. Maldwyn Hughes, M.A., D.D.

HYMN 426—A PSYCHOLOGICAL INCIDENT - - - - 211
By F. J. Pape.

'LAWRENCE AND THE ARABS' - - - - - - - 212
By John Telford, B.A.

A PSALM THAT HAS MADE HEROES. IV.—LUTHER'S PSALM 217
By A. J. Farnsworth.

LIFE FROM A MANSE WINDOW. IV.—OUR MANSES AND MANSE GARDENS - - - - - - - - - 226
By Hilary Hope.

TO A SUFFERING ONE (POETRY) - - - - - - 230
By Ellen Brownscombe.

DECENT BURIAL—TALES OF OUR VILLAGE (SECOND SERIES) 231
By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan.

VOICES OF THE PAST. II.—ROBERT NEWTON - - - - 242
By Richard H. Wray.

SPEARS IN THE GLOOM. AN INCIDENT FROM THE CIVIL WAR IN IRELAND - - - - - - - - - - 245
By P. K. Horan.

'BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK' (POETRY) - 250
By Mary G. Findlay.

MUSIC AND LITERATURE. II.—DANTE (i.) - - - - - 251
By James T. Lightwood.

LETTERS FROM MY PORTFOLIO—PERMANENCE - - - - 254
By Gabrielle Garth.

**New Edition with synopsis, Fifth thousand now selling.**

**A volume written primarily for Local Preachers and for Candidates for the Ministry.**

# CHRISTIAN FOUNDATIONS:

## AN INTRODUCTION TO CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt, **4/-** net. (Post 4d.)

An up-to-date manual and a text book specially written to meet the needs of Local Preachers and Bible Students. Nearly 5,000 copies have already been sold.

---

***A Loving Tribute.***

## ARNOLD HEALING : A Memoir.

By His Wife, with a foreword by Dr. GEORGE JACKSON. Cloth, with frontispiece. **2/6** net. (Post 2d.)

Rev. A. J. G. SEATON (S. S. Dept), says: 'I have seen a great deal of biographical material in print which had not anything like the literary merit, the human interest, or the real spiritual inspiration of this book.'

---

***A Choice Booklet.***

## THE SONG OF THE STARS, a Maori Romance.

By F. W. BOREHAM, Author of 'The Green Chair,' 'Little Palace Beautiful,' &c. 5½ in. x 4 in., art Levant boards, **1/-** net; paper covers, **6d.** net; lambskin, **2/6** net, with special jacket in colour. (Post 1d.)

---

***Essays Grave and Gay.***

## WHEAT AND SOME CHAFF.

Essays by PERCY C. PEGLER. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **3/6** net. (post 4d.)

'It is the sort of volume to read when life's burdens are oppressive and men don't play the game. Mr. Pegler has a happy knack of anchoring again a life that may have broken away from its moorings through the pressure of events.'

—*Halifax Courier.*

---

***Mark Guy Pearse at his Best!***

## THE SHIP WHERE CHRIST WAS CAPTAIN.

**And other Stories of Cornish Methodism.**

'Full of instances of mingled enthusiasm of faith, and shrewd knowledge of men.'

—*Times Literary.*

Crown 8vo. cloth, with attractive jacket in colour and a new portrait of the author. 3/6 net (post 4d.)

---

## ENGLAND'S BOOK OF PRAISE.

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.. Crown 8vo., cloth. **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

Our 'Book of Praise,' as Earl Selborne called it, is one of our chief national treasures. The object of this book is to show how it has grown to its present variety and fullness.

---

***'An Exceedingly Helpful Book.'***

## AN A.B.C. OF PSYCHOLOGY, for Sunday School Teachers and Bible Students.

By ERIC S. WATERHOUSE, M.A., D.D. Crown 8vo. Cloth **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

A book specially written for those who devote their time and thought largely to young people. The writer indicates a way of approach by which teachers can win the confidence of their scholars.

---

***A Noble Life.***

## JOHN HOWARD : Prison Reformer.

By J. G. ROWE. Crown 8vo. Cloth, with frontispiece portrait. **2/-** net. (Post 3d.)

A fully informative biography of this great contemporary of Wesley.

---

***F. W. Boreham's Latest Volume.***

## THE NEST OF SPEARS.

By F. W. BOREHAM. Crown 8vo, 272 pages. **5/-** net. (post 4½d.)

This book will find a wide welcome among those who appreciate wit and poetic vision. Warm-hearted anecdotes light up page after page, and the quality of freshness is never absent. Mr. Boreham has written 19 other volumes, all of which have been printed again and again. *The Luggage of Life*, his first and most famous book, is now in its fifteenth edition.

---

***Eminently Practical.***

## FIRST STEPS IN PREACHING.

By J. A. CLAPPERTON, M.A., **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

'It is a work that will be valuable not only to the aspirant who thinks of preaching, but to any who find difficulty in expressing themselves in public speech.'—*Nottingham Journal.*

---

## THE WORLD TO WHICH CHRIST CAME.

By FRANK RICHARDS, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

This survey could only have been undertaken by a scholar of unusual knowledge and insight. It may safely be pronounced unique and as it leads around the habitable globe it opens our eyes to the change which Jesus made.

---

**THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. Alfred Sharp), 25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.**

**FOUR VETERAN INDIAN MISSIONARIES.**

D. A. Rees (1876-1926), J. A. Vanes (1876- ), H. Gulliford (1877- ), G. W. Sawday (1876- ).

# The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151 April, 1928

## Our April Number

By THE EDITOR

***The Rev. Henry Gulliford.***

THE group of India veterans which forms our frontispiece represents two hundred years of service given to the Mysore District by four honoured missionaries. *Hill's Arrangement* tells the story of Mr. Gulliford's ministry in a single line: '1877. Mysore District, India.' That makes his record unique. Mr. Vanes and Mr. Sawday were earlier on the field, but both have had some terms at home. Mr. Rees completed fifty years within about six months. Mr. Gulliford has had no other sphere. That speaks for itself. It is a story of devotion which has never faltered, of health which has been wonderfully sustained, and of work which has grown more encouraging and more absorbing as the years have rolled by. Neither Mr. Gulliford nor his friends dreamed when he left Didsbury in 1877 that he would spend more than half a century in India. His story of our Missions shows how amid all changes God is guiding the destinies of the nations.

***'The Belief of Catholics.'***

Father Ronald Knox's claim for Catholicism (Benn, 7*s.* 6*d.*), will certainly attract attention. Its survey of 'the modern distaste for religion' leads to the conclusion that 'organized religion has shrunk, and is still shrinking, at once in the content of its message and in the area of its appeal.' The Catholic Church, it is held, has at the moment a readier hearing and a better all-round reception among the mass of Englishmen than it has had for two and a half centuries. Father Knox shows at some length what Catholics teach. Transubstantiation is represented as 'the only doctrine which will secure fidelity to tradition on one side, and the evidence of our senses on the other.' The soul is judged immediately after death, and 'if it is found to be outside God's friendship, it is condemned to eternal punishment and a punishment which does not stop short with mere regrets, mere moral torments.' Rome's intolerance comes out in the statement, 'We do not think

of our Church as the best religious body to belong to; we believe that those who do not belong to it, provided that they believe in our Lord and desire to do His will, may just as well belong to no religious body at all.' That is the tone of the book, and it will not encourage thoughtful readers to turn their eyes to Rome.

***Susanna Wesley's Marriage.***

Mr. G. J. Stevenson says in *Memorials of the Wesley Family* that when and where this 'marriage took place is not known; but it took place in London, and it is believed in the spring of the year 1689. Samuel Wesley in said to have lodged near Holborn, and as he was ordained in St. Andrew's Church, it is not unlikely that he was married there, though it may have been in some city church near Dr. Annesley's residence.' Through the research of Mr. Percy Westley it is now first discovered from the Register of St. Mary-le-Bone, Middlesex, that the marriage took place there. The entry reads, 'Samuel Westley married Susanna Angly, 12 Nov. 1688.' That is a queer abbreviation of 'Annesley.' A touch of romance is added by the fact that a century later, on April 5, 1788, their son, Charles Wesley, was laid to rest in the same graveyard of what he regarded as 'my parish church.'

***The 'East End Star.'***

The East End has just hung up a star of its own in that Terra Incognita. It shines on 35,000 friends and supporters of the Mission every month, and lights up a work of which we have good cause to be proud. Fancy 'forty-three years' hard labour' put in by Miss Seddon, and now five Aberdeen lady doctors minister to 114,400 patients a year! There is a portrait of 'Bishop Greatheart,' whose works do follow him. Peter Thompson has a worthy successor in the Rev. F. W. Chudleigh, under whom the Mission prospers greatly.

***'Poems for Pamela.'***

Mrs. Brownscombe cheered many whilst she lived at Maidstone by her graceful little poems for birthdays and other events. She has now issued a little volume which will delight young folk and their elders. Simplicity and kindly feeling are prominent in all the poems, and they are musical and picturesque as well. She has been very happy in getting forty illustrations by Dorothy Dunham, which are real gems. The book is issued by Heath Cranton at half-a-crown.

John Telford

# Wesleyan Missions in South India

## HALF A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

By The Rev. HENRY GULLIFORD

[This narrative is based on personal experience which accounts for the use of the first personal pronoun. This is done in the hope that the reader may more readily realize the progress that has been made during the last fifty years.]

WHEN I left England in September, 1877, my resolve was that if God gave me health and adaptability, India should be my dwelling-place and my work should be for the benefit of India's people and for the spread of the knowledge of Jesus Christ. For fifty years God has abundantly provided me with strength and opportunity for service, and to Him alone be the praise.

The progress that has been made by the Wesleyan Methodist Mission during the last half century has been great; other Missions as well have enjoyed similar prosperity; for it has seemed good to the Lord of the Harvest in recent years to give fruitful seasons to His Indian harvest field. Figures do not always reveal reality, but they give some indication of the movement of events, where such events are capable of enumeration. A few figures, comparing 1877 with 1927, will reveal progress as far as figures can speak. I will put them in a tabular form to economize space, and to enable them to tell their story more effectually. These figures are for the South Indian Districts only:

| | 1877 | 1927 |
|---|---|---|
| Districts in South India ... ... ... ... ... | 2 | 4 |
| Stations and Institutions occupied by Missionaries | 17 | 47 |
| Stations occupied by Indian Ministers ... ... | 1 | 30 |
| English Ordained Missionaries ... ... ... ... | 25 | 63 |
| English Lay Missionaries ... ... ... ... ... | 0 | 9 |
| East Indian Ministers ... ... ... ... ... | 4 | 0 |
| Indian Ministers ... ... ... ... ... ... | 8 | 53 |
| Indian Evangelists ... ... ... ... ... | 23 | 720 |
| English Women Missionaries ... ... ... ... | 1 | 77 |
| Indian Bible-women ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 638 |
| Doctors ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 0 | 24 |
| Nurses ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 0 | 106 |

| | 1877 | 1927 |
|---|---|---|
| Full Members—English ... ... ... ... ... | 175 | 693 |
| Full Members—Indian ... ... ... ... ... | 669 | 15922 |
| Members on Trial (chiefly Indian) ... ... ... | 73 | 44911 |
| Total Christian Community ... ... ... ... | 1600 | 94022 |
| Pupils in Day Schools—Boys ... ... ... ... | 5388 | 37278 |
| Pupils in Day Schools—Girls ... ... ... ... | 2867 | |
| Children in Sunday Schools ... ... ... ... | 915 | 24026 |
| Teachers in Day Schools ... ... ... ... ... | 345 | 2022 |
| Teachers in Sunday Schools ... ... ... ... | 66 | 1648 |

Methodists have been accused of demanding too many statistics. Figures have their use, and often they are the only appeal to a certain class of mind. They need interpreting, and I will try to make the interpretation thereof as interesting as the theme will permit.

***Under Six Governments.***

In 1877 there were only two Districts in South India—Madras and Mysore. Madras has been divided, and the part separated is now the Trichinopoly District, while Haidarabad with its Mass Movement was organized soon after I arrived in India by the appointment of William Burgess there in 1879. When we speak of Districts we must remember the enormous size of some of them. Mysore is nearly as large as Ireland; Haidarabad larger than Great Britain; and the other Districts are far larger than any in England. India is so often regarded as a whole that it may surprise many that our work is carried on under no less than six Governments—Madras British Government, Mysore State, the Assigned Tract of Bangalore, Coorg, Haidarabad State, Secunderabad (under the British Residency). In educational and other work it is necessary to deal with Government, and this number of Governments increases the labours of the missionary, for the methods of Government administration vary greatly.

Language does not make the task easier, for three languages prevail in the area occupied by the Mission—Tamil, Telugu, and Kanarese, while English is greatly used. Other languages are also spoken, but not by large numbers of people. In some churches you may hear three different vernacular languages used in one service.

In South India the first missionaries came to minister to their own countrymen, and that is why Mr. Lynch came from Ceylon to Madras as the first Wesleyan missionary to labour there. In the early days much time was devoted to this work, with good

results, but in later years the emphasis has been laid upon work for Indians.

The figures relating to stations need some annotation. The work has spread out from the original stations, which annually had been wisely selected, and new circuits formed. Then no Indian minister was regarded as competent to be left in charge of any station or circuit, and none of them was self-supporting. The Indian ministry has so developed that no less than thirty Indian ministers are now superintendents of circuits, and many of them are entirely supported by the offerings of the people without any subsidy from the Mission.

British missionaries have increased, but chiefly for the purpose of occupying new territory. The emphasis is now rightly placed on the Indian, and suitable institutions have been opened for their training. It is occasion for rejoicing that many of these training institutions are the result of co-operation between different missions. All of these training institutions have been opened since I came to India, though the earlier missionaries were keen to secure trained workers, and each one did his best to help those who laboured with him in the Gospel.

***Women's Work for Women.***

The most striking advance is in the number of women missionaries and Bible-women. The wives of the early missionaries toiled nobly for their India sisters and started the work that has so greatly developed. In 1877 there was but one worker sent out by the Women's Auxiliary, or the Ladies' Committee, as it was then called, and her work was for the benefit of the Europeans and Anglo-Indians, she being the head-mistress of a European girls' school in Bangalore. Women missionaries then were very few and not always welcome, for it is reported of one Chairman that he would not have such troublesome persons in his District. The women now outnumber the men, and they bring credit and honour to the Church that has sent them forth. So far-reaching and effectual is the result of their labours, that the cry now is that the Christian girls are far better educated and trained than the boys. The solitary worker has been multiplied to 77. A still larger development is manifest in the number of Indian Bible-women and Zenana workers. When I arrived, there was, as far as I can learn, only one Bible-woman; but now, though she has long since gone to her reward, she has no fewer than 638 successors. In no department of mission work has there been so marvellous an advance as in women's work for women. The

whole social system is being changed by the enlightenment that has come to Indian women through the girls' school and the Zenana visitor. The way in which large numbers of Indian women are working and praying for the removal of the evils and disabilities under which Indian women still live is matter for unbounded thankfulness. The position which some of them are taking in social and public questions is most encouraging.

***Striking Contrasts.***

The work of healing has made rapid strides of late years. Our Mission had neither doctor nor nurse when I landed, but to-day there are 13 hospitals and dispensaries, while 24 doctors and 106 nurses commend the Gospel of Jesus Christ by their practical exemplification of the Christian Faith. Prominent amongst our medical work is the hospital for lepers at Dichpalli, where it has been abundantly manifest that there is hope for the leper, especially if the disease is treated in its early stages. In this medical work Indian women are coming forward in considerable numbers to be trained for the service of their fellows, and the labour and responsibility of many are beyond praise. The development of this work has been almost wholly among women. Our medical service for men has lagged hopelessly in the rear. It is true that Government has provided many hospitals to which they can go, though there is ample scope for more works of healing. Perhaps India, like most countries, needs preventive measures more urgently than remedial; and for this there is great opportunity in our schools and colleges to educate the rising generation in the laws of health.

From the first education was regarded as an important part of mission work, and fifty years ago there were large numbers of both sexes reading in our schools. This department of work has expanded like the others. Then there were no colleges, but five high schools; now there are one first grade college, one second grade college, two collegiate high schools, and seven high schools, three of which are for girls. The education of girls was in its infancy fifty years ago, and it was not possible to retain them at school after their marriage, which took place at a lamentably early age. There has been in every way a great improvement, but a vast amount of ignorance and prejudice have still to be overcome before Indian women can take their rightful place in the life of the country.

But by far the greatest progress has been made in the increase of the Christian community. At first our missionaries

went chiefly where their fellow-countrymen were to be found, and many English churches were established. This work has been continued, especially among British soldiers, and might have been more largely developed. The British and Anglo-Indian communities are practically stationary, but our English membership has increased from 175 to 693. The largest expansion, however, has been in the Indian Christian community. Then there were 668 full members with 73 on trial for membership, representing a Christian community of about 1,600. Now there are 15,922 full members with 44,911 on trial, representing a Christian community of close on 100,000. The good seed has multiplied sixtyfold. To the Lord of the Harvest be the glory.

The rate at which the Christian community is increasing is apparent from the number of baptisms. When I came to India, the Christian community was increased by the baptism of one here and another there, and these had to endure hardship and persecution. In 1877, as far as I can ascertain, there were about 30 adults baptized; in 1927 there were reported 4,479 adult and 4,877 infant baptisms. The number added to the Church in one year was nearly six times the total Christian community that existed in 1877. These figures probably show most clearly the difference between then and now.

But these figures do not reveal the whole story. There are those who have little faith in organization, and believe that the Church will expand like the seed growing secretly, no one knowing how. There are many evidences of this in South India; but no one who has studied the history of Christian Missions can be blind to the necessity of organization. John Wesley showed the way. Small groups are formed; these are joined together to form a band; and band linked to band forms the Church.

Our Church organization has developed cautiously but surely. In 1877 the whole management of the work was in the hands of the missionaries. Indian ministers were few. Those on probation were not members of the District Synod. No layman had any share in the work of administration. Quarterly Meetings were few. Leaders' Meetings were scarcely possible from lack of leaders. In the District Synod, where the whole work of the mission is reviewed and administered, the Indian ministers and laymen have now so greatly increased that the missionaries are in a small minority. Indian ministers and laymen are taking responsibility upon themselves, and their

hearty and loyal co-operation augurs well for the stability of the Church.

***Beneficial Organization.***

To unite and strengthen our work the Provincial Synod was formed in 1894, and this is gradually gathering to itself the power of a Methodist Conference, the chief governing body of the Church. It must continue to grow with increased powers of legislation and government, unless God shall unite the various Churches in South India; and even then our organization will not be the least contribution we shall make to the united Church. The Provincial Synod has exercised a most beneficial influence on the selection and training of the Indian ministry and on the development of the Church. Funds have been organized for providing pensions for workers, without cost to the home society; a trust has been formed for the holding of property for the Indian Church; and with a wide outlook into the future arrangements are being made to secure the independence of the Church. Our Church is rapidly growing into a self-governing Church, developing on lines to suit the Indian environment. We shall long need the support and prayers of the home Churches, but we realize that the future is in our own hands under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, whose presence is in all our councils. Our organization is elastic, and it will be changed as circumstances and the capacity of the Christian community render change necessary. Indians have two characteristics—to be slack in managing institutions, and to be exceeding keen in demanding the letter of the law, when a law is laid down. Our organization must not be too rigid to prevent growth and initiative, nor too loose to permit the dissipation of energy and to encourage deterioration. The foundations have been well and truly laid, and it is for the present and succeeding generations to build thereon.

In spite of the restlessness under and opposition to foreign rule manifest in the political world, there is in our Church a growing unity. The East desires the West, and the West wishes to be helpful to the East. Both work together for a common end—the bringing of Jesus Christ to the peoples of India. In all our work Indians take their share, and the West will rejoice when they can take full responsibility both in leadership and finance. This working together of all the members of the body is a most hopeful sign of the times and has great promise of future growth.

There is another side of the advance of the Kingdom of God

which cannot be tabulated in figures. To many the progress has seemed tardy in the extreme. To realize how great the advance has been, one must take the long view. Fifty years in a man's life is the longer portion. Fifty years in the life of a nation or in the Kingdom of God is but the fraction of a day in the sight of Him who reckons a thousand years of ours as one day of His. Yet in fifty years wondrous changes have been wrought in the religious life of India.

***Changes in Fifty Years.***

My first years in India, though employed in teaching, were happily more engaged in learning. As I mingled with the people, especially the more educated classes, and understood their ideals and manner of life, I frequently said to myself, ' If the life these live is the result of their faith in Hinduism, it will be easy to keep far ahead of them in integrity and purity of life.' It was evident that the standard of morals was not high. Faith in Hindu gods was weakening. The bonds of caste were becoming irksome. The leaven of western learning was creating scepticism in the minds of the educated. There was great danger of Young India taking for its motto, ' Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die.' The tendency to copy everything Western was strong. Forbidden meats and drinks were indulged in secretly; the temples were neglected; necessary ceremonies were regarded as things customary and carried out as a matter of form. I remember a Brahman in high office in the State having to ignite the pyre of a near kinsman. He would not carry the sacred fire, but was content to take a box of matches, and with one of these set fire to the funeral pyre. British rule was constantly lauded, and the Westerner looked up to as a superior being.

But all this has changed. There has been a reaction against the sins of the flesh, but the fight against caste has been strengthened and the warfare conducted not so much on selfish as upon rational lines with the good of the people in view. Many attempts have been made to purify and revive Hinduism, purging it of its more mythical and irrational accretions. But none of these have really caught on in the South, though the Arya Samaj, the most active of these reform movements, is vigorous in the North. The religious teaching in the mission school and college, the reading of the Bible, or portions of it, by tens of thousands, the presence of hundreds of thousands of Christians, who have turned from dumb idols to serve the living God; and manifold other influences, such as good Government,

justice in the law courts, integrity in commerce; all these have helped to spread a knowledge of Christianity among the people, and they know what Jesus Christ stands for and what a Christian ought to be. The Christian is now judged, not by the standards of Hinduism or such gods as Vishnu and Siva, but by the pattern set by Jesus Christ. The Indian is keen in judging character, and he soon discerns whether the professing Christian is a true follower of Jesus Christ. He sees the imperfections of those who are members of Christ's Church, and he holds aloof. But there is no longer contempt and scorn for Jesus Christ. He is regarded as one of the world's great saints and worthy of honour and worship. He is exalted among Indians, but He has not yet been raised to that position, where He becomes Lord of life and God of salvation. That day is coming as certainly as day follows night.

In the advance of knowledge, both ethical and historical, the Britisher and his Government no longer hold the exalted place in the estimation of the people that they did. The pendulum has swung to the other extreme, and it is difficult to get an expression of appreciation of anything that Britain has done for India. All is put down to selfish purpose or aggrandisement. The *mäyä* of self-determination has rendered illusory all that Britain has done. In the present state of political feeling it matters little what may be proposed for India's benefit, it will be opposed—such is human nature. But this is a passing phase of feeling.

The influence of Jesus Christ is perhaps as strong, if not stronger, outside the Christian Church than within. The standard by which people and governments are judged is the ethical standard lived up to by Jesus Christ. The moral enlightenment of the people of India has been great; their spiritual perceptions have been quickened; their sensitiveness to imperfection shown them from outside is keen in the extreme, as is manifest from the way Miss Mayo's *Mother India* has been criticized. The efforts made for reformation have not perhaps been proportionate to the enlightenment of mind and conscience; but a noble band of workers has striven during the last half century to call attention to the crying evils that prevail and to devise methods for their removal. Mr. Gandhi stands out head and shoulders above other social reformers in denouncing the evils of child marriage with the baneful sequel of child widows, the curse of untouchability, and the great poverty of masses of the people. He does not hesitate to pour scorn upon some of

the temples, where God is no more present than in a brothel; and upon the doctors of the law, who would fain resort to old *shastras* to find *slokas* to uphold evils that honest and thoughtful men condemn. Multitudes follow Mr. Gandhi with lip homage; but he finds it impossible on a national scale to create a change of heart in both rulers and people alike.

***An Optimistic Outlook.***

No one can recall the changes that have taken place in India these fifty years and remain a pessimist. Disagreeable and lamentable happenings are inevitable in times of momentous change. When foundations are shaken, fear paralyses the minds of some and loud and varying cries fill the air; but only those things that are transient will pass. India has a heritage of which she may justly be proud, and the things that are not shaken in that heritage will be brought into the Christian Church and there abide.

The rapid progress made by the Christian Church in India during the last half century; the enlightenment manifest in the multitude of publications that issue from the press, in which social, political, and religious subjects are generally discussed from a high ethical standpoint; the great changes taking place in the social life of the people, the relaxing of caste, the raising of the age of marriage, the concern for the outcaste; the feelings that are surging in the hearts of thousands for the political advance of the motherland; when we realize that these healthy and progressive influences have come, not from the Vedas, not from the Koran, not from any of the multitude of indigenous cults, but from Jesus Christ and His followers, there can be but one conclusion. India, both consciously and unconsciously, is stretching out her hands to God, and the day must come when He whose right it is shall reign, and the treasures of India shall be brought into His Kingdom.

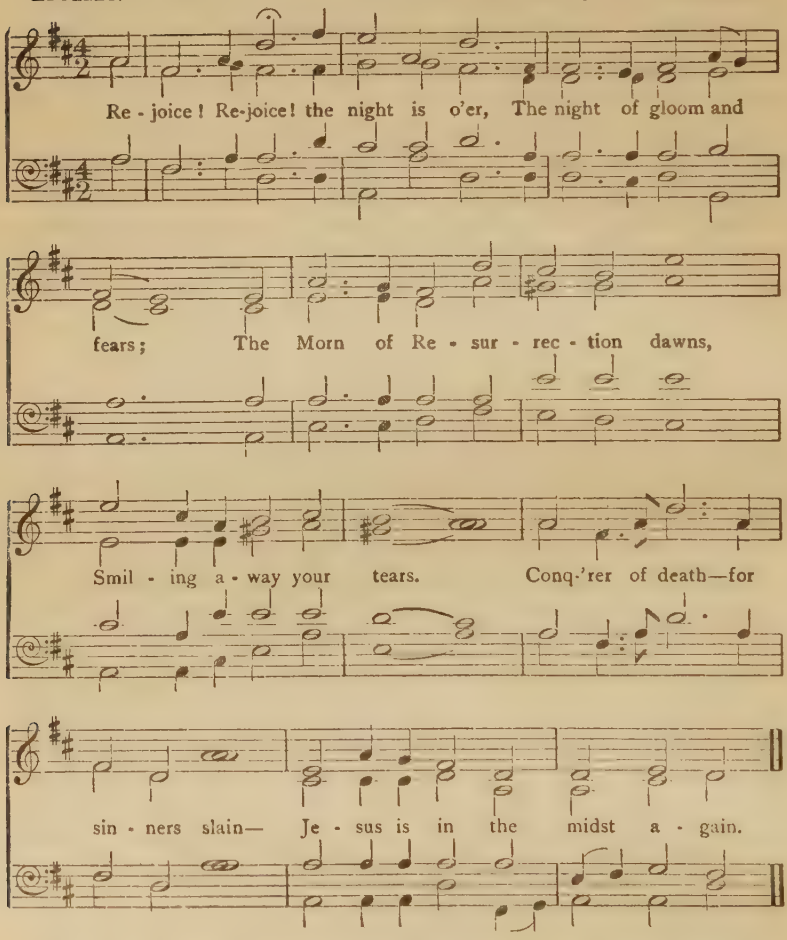
## TWO ATTRACTIVE LITTLE BOOKS

Mr. J. C. Wright, of Eastbourne, has written two attractive little books. Bagster & Sons published *Children's Words and Ways* (2*s.*) which throw welcome light on many sides of a child's mind and give amusing illustrations drawn from varied experience as a schoolmaster. *Chance and Choice, or, The Way of Living* (Philpot, 2*s.*) is a set of short papers full of wise Christian thinking and brightened by many happy quotations from the thinkers of the past. It is a book to brood over in leisure moments.

# Easter Morn.

*"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."*

EDGELEY. Words and Music by W. H. MAUDE.


Re - joice! Re-joice! the night is o'er, The night of gloom and
fears; The Morn of Re - sur - rec - tion dawns,
Smil - ing a - way your tears. Conq-'rer of death—for
sin - ners slain— Je - sus is in the midst a - gain.

Then were His followers glad when first
They saw their risen Lord,
And marked the sacred wounds He bore,
And heard His cheering word:
Like clouds their sorrows roll away,
And darkest night turns glorious day.

How blest were they who saw Thee, Lord,
Before their wondering gaze;
And blest are they who Thee receive,
Not seeing yet Thy face;
Who, seeing not, believe, and love,
And wait Thy coming from above.

Ascended to Thy heavenly place,
We prove Thy presence still,
Oft as we gather in Thy name
Our souls afresh to fill
Our Saviour Christ! we Thee adore;
And Thou art with us—evermore.

Thy resurrection life who share,
And own Thee Christ and Lord;
Who earnest seek the things above,
And keep Thy sacred word;
They too shall see—with glad surprise—
Christ in the midst, in Paradise.

The 'CHOIR Office, 25-35 City Road, London.

# Reminiscences

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

## XV.

IMMEDIATELY upon my defeat in Rotherhithe I was offered and accepted an Aldermanship of the London County Council. On election to this office I was welcomed with gratifying cordiality by the Council as a whole. During the last six years I have continued to take an active part in the general work of the Council. The work of reconstruction after the war has been carried on with vigour and public spirit, though under the restrictions imposed, as I have previously explained, by the present condition of London Government. These years have not been marked by any acute controversy upon the Council, and, therefore, no grave issues have been submitted to the judgement of the electors.

***Defeat of the Progressives.***

In 1925 the Progressive Party shared the depressed failure of the Liberal Party, and sank to be the third party on the Council. The very success of the Progressives in communicating their ideals to the Municipal Reformers on the right and to the Labour Party on the left has told to their disadvantage as a Party. This triumph in the realm of ideals has been accompanied by a growing tendency, accentuated by the rise and intransigence of the Labour Party, to extend the divisions and organization of the national political parties to include the municipal affairs of London. Such intrusion of extraneous party interests into the realm of local administration is, in many respects, greatly to be regretted, and as my term of municipal service draws to an end, I am glad to have been associated for thirty years with continuous endeavours to promote great issues upon their intrinsic merits, and to be relieved of association with any attempt to subordinate these issues to the extraneous interests of party organization and propaganda.

***Success Against Greyhound Racing.***

The work of the Council during the last three years has been carried forward with great activity and on a high level of efficiency. For that very reason it has been peaceful and unexciting. It was my privilege last December to lead the Council in opposing the establishment of a greyhound racing track at the Crystal Palace. This opposition, taken in conjunction with that of the City Corporation, led by Sir Ernest

Lamb, and of the Boroughs in the neighbourhood of the Palace has been successful not only in regard to the Palace, but also in arousing a national and Parliamentary movement to put down this most demoralizing evil.

***L.C.C. Labour Members and the Strike.***

A great test was applied to the Council by the General Strike of May 1926. An Emergency Committee was formed to carry on the essential services during the crisis, and I took a very active part in the work of this Committee. The Labour Party declined co-operation and held aloof, deeming their allegiance to the Trades Union Council to be an obligation that took precedence over their responsibilities to the citizens of London. Mr. Snowden recently appealed for a Labour Party victory on the ground that the capture of the London County Council would be a big step towards bringing about ' Socialism in our time.' It is to be hoped that the electors of London will steadily refuse power to a party which cannot be trusted, in a crisis, to set the safety and civilization of London above the behests of outside organizations pursuing sectional aims and adopting, on occasion, revolutionary methods to advance them.

***Elected to the London University Senate.***

In the autumn of 1922 I was elected by Convocation to the Senate of the University of London, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Sir Albert Rollit. The work of the Senate during the past five years has been of exceptional importance owing in part to the remarkable expansion and the increase of students since the war, but still more to the pending reconstruction of the Senate under the Act of Parliament recently passed, and also to the scheme, now in hand, for establishing an adequate headquarters for the administration of the University upon the Bloomsbury site. In all these matters I have taken an active concern.

The University of London has grown to be the largest in the world, and has features that distinguish it from any other university. In addition to its internal side, which includes the Incorporated Colleges and the London Medical Schools, its external side connects it with educational institutions and with students throughout the British Empire. The difficulty of combining the internal and external sides has been successfully overcome. The scheme for developing the new site as an adequate and imposing centre for the administration of the University and for the accommodation of certain of its schools and institutions is being shaped at the present time. When this

has been carried out London will be provided with a suitable outward and visible sign of the existence of its University, though even then the number of its scattered colleges and its world-wide activities will prevent its greatness from being visualized, as is the case with Oxford and Cambridge, and with the local universities in this country and elsewhere. Throughout the future the University of London will have a distinctive genius of its own, and will serve, in particular, as a foremost influence in cementing the unity of the British Empire by means of the common ideals and facilities of higher education.

***Member of the Athenaeum Club.***

In 1923 the famous Athenæum Club prepared to celebrate its centenary, by giving power to its Committee to nominate fifty new members in commemoration of the event. Owing to the kind thought of my valued friend, Sir Thomas Barlow, my name was brought forward, and on the nomination of the Archbishop of Canterbury, seconded by the Archdeacon of Westminster, Dr. R. H. Charles, I was included in the list of these privileged people.

At a somewhat earlier date I had been appointed Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Central Council for District Nursing in London, my old colleague and friend, Sir William Collins, K.C.V.O., M.D., being the Chairman of the Council. In this office, which I still hold, I have taken my part in co-ordinating the work of the various nursing associations, and in securing that an adequate supply of fully trained district nurses is available for the poor throughout Greater London.

[*To be concluded*]

## THE JOY OF YOUTH

By T. A. LINDSAY

The joys of youth but sleep, they cannot die.
The blossom fades beneath the icy breath
Of winter; yet the reign of mimic death
Is ended soon, when spring appears on high.
So, in the winter of my days, have I
The springtide felt within my soul: the lark
At dawn, the scent of hawthorn in the dark,
A baby's smile, a friend returned—puts by
The weight of years, and I am young again.
This broken gleam, recaptured from the past,
Assures me life's most precious joys remain;
And, though forgotten, shall awake at last,
Perchance in heaven; for what is heaven but this:
Old dreams come true, and true love crowned with bliss!

# Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

## IV. THE MEANING OF LOVE

ST. JOHN says that the commandment of love is both old and new. It is old, for it was written in the Law, ' Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' But more than that, as we saw in an earlier paper, the law of love is grounded in the very nature of things. But the commandment is also new, for it was renewed with a fuller meaning and given fresh sanctions in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Gospel is both a revelation and a vindication of love. It places human love on immovable foundations, by showing us that there is love at the heart of things. ' God is love.' Human love is deepened in content and expanded in range in so far as it is replenished by the Divine love, ' We love, because He first loved us.'

Love is the one word in which we can sum up the Christian life. The life in Christ begins and ends in love. Love comprehends all the virtues. It is the root from which spring all the manifold fruits of the Spirit. Wesley was right when he said that instead of speaking of Christian Perfection, we should speak of Perfect Love.

What does love mean in the common life? It is not simply an emotion whose coming is like the wind. St. John says that ' we ought to love ' (1 John iv. 11). Love is a duty which we must set before ourselves and fulfil intelligently. Three essential elements may be distinguished in love.

(1) *Self-affirmation.* Love demands self-sacrifice, self-denial, and self-surrender, but not self-depreciation or self-despising. Self-respect is an essential element in love. A great philosopher said, ' Be a person and respect others as persons.' We may vary the saying and read, ' Be a person and love others as persons.' But the former part is as important as the second. It is as necessary to be a person as to love others as persons. If I owe duties to others as persons, I also owe it to myself to develop myself as a personality. Love does not mean that I am to disregard every interest of my own. There are some interests which I dare not disregard, and this for the sake of others no less than for my own sake. If all men were to interpret love as self-negation, and were to forget the duties which they owe to themselves, then love, instead of being a virtue, would become a vice. It would hinder self-development and therefore would be

a barrier to social progress. Man would become a flabby creature without backbone. Self-respect lies at the very foundation of worthy love. The man whose love causes him to cheapen himself is apt to lose the respect even of those whom he loves. We sometimes come across a mother whose love for her children makes her their slave. She does not train them to do anything for themselves, but waits on them hand and foot. She becomes a veritable household drudge. The children accept the situation. They respond to their training, and the greater share of blame does not rest with them. Even when they have become young men and women, it hardly strikes them that there is anything wrong. They accept the service of their mother as their due, and do not think of trying to lighten her load. The mother has made herself a drudge, and they regard her as a drudge. They love her, of course, but their feeling for her, if analysed, would be found not to be wholly free from a tinge of indulgent contempt.

Where has the mistake arisen? The mother has forgotten that her duties to her children are not inconsistent with the duties which she owes to herself. Love did not demand that she should entirely efface her personality and cease to respect herself. Love must be reciprocal. If she had taught her children that they owed duties to her, no less than she to them, she would have retained her own self-respect, and would have gained their respect; and their mutual love would have been based on firm foundations. The love, which has no basis in respect, is poorly equipped to weather the storms of life.

When we love, we offer to others the gift of ourselves, and the gift must be worth offering. But if we have not safeguarded the development of our own personality, what kind of a gift can we offer to others when we speak of love? Self-affirmation is an essential element in love.

(2) *Self-impartation.* The man who loves is always seeking to give, particularly to *give himself*. We have a happy custom of offering one another material gifts on birthdays and on other special occasions. Love craves expression, and yet it is very diffident about expressing itself. The offering of gifts is perhaps the easiest mode of expression, far easier than words. The value of these amenities of family and social life is not to be underestimated. They do much to brighten and cheer our lot and to assure us of the presence of feelings, not easily expressed in words. But if love never gives anything else than material gifts it is very poor. Not simply on anniversaries, but

all the year round, the man who loves will impart himself. We must give not only what we have, but what we are. Love is self-impartation—the communication of personality to personality.

The difference between Charity (as commonly understood) and Love is one that needs to be appreciated. 'The gift without the giver is bare.' Charity (in the conventional sense) is the gift without the giver. Love is the gift plus the giver.

Christianity has taught that the highest manifestation of the love of God is not in the material gifts which He pours out so lavishly and impartially on good and evil alike; but in that impartation of Himself which makes us partakers of the Divine nature.

> Thy gifts alas cannot suffice
> Except Thyself be given.

We must become imitators of God. If we love, we shall give the most that we have to give—ourselves. Here, again, we see how essential it is that we affirm and develop ourselves, so that in imparting ourselves we may be able to offer a worthy gift.

Are there then no limits to the duty of self-impartation? Yes, the moral limits set by the duty of self-affirmation. We must not give of ourselves so far as to destroy the integrity of our own personality. Self-sacrifice is not to be carried to the point of self-negation; humility must not degenerate into self-despising; and tender emotion must not be allowed to override our regard for the eternal principles of righteousness. In the interests of love, we must maintain a self that is worth imparting.

(3) *Self-finding in others.* When we love, our life has two foci—our personal life and the life of others. We actually live in the lives of others as well as within the confines of our own personality. Love's sympathy gives us the key to the hearts of others, so that we become sharers of their life, and we rejoice with them that rejoice and weep with them that weep. Someone has said that 'this sympathetic faculty of love gives it interpretative power; by its vicariousness, it can enter into alien moods, make itself at home in strange experiences, and become one in spirit with the souls of others.'

Love is the solvent of the difficulties which confront us in so many spheres of life. If we trace to their roots those things which separate and divide men we shall find that they are mainly due to the facts that we have not learnt to enter into alien moods, to make ourselves at home in strange experiences, and to become one in spirit with the souls of others. In other words, the little world in which we live revolves around

ourselves. But love widens the universe in which we dwell. It creates within us an insight and a sympathy which enables us to enter into fellowship with those whose kinship with us we had not recognized.

'Give my love to the world,' said Russell Lowell, as he lay dying. It seems impossible to imitate him. We find it hard enough to love our immediate neighbours outside the circle of our own family. But if we give our love to Christ, we shall, like Him, give our love to the world.

## HYMN 426—A PSYCHOLOGICAL INCIDENT

By F. J. PAPE

ONE Sunday morning our minister announced 'Hymn No. 426.' I found it, and as we stood up to sing I thought to myself that the hymn was one I might well add to my stock of mental possessions. The fact is that I am rather fond of memorizing our hymns, and if some wealthy layman were to offer a pound for every hymn I could recite to him, he would have to part with a fairly good round sum. But No. 426 was not in my list. Going through my list, and saying over to myself, going through the alphabet as I often do before dropping off to sleep, taking the hymns under a certain letter, when that letter is 'L' I have four, but 'Love Divine, all loves excelling' was not in the list till what I am now relating took place.

My thought scarcely went as far as a definite intention when I read 426. But two or three nights later, in my room, I found myself saying over 'Love Divine, all loves excelling,' and discovered that I had the whole verse at command. It struck me as rather odd, never having taken any step to memorize it. A night or two later came, 'Come almighty to deliver,' and I had, to my surprise, a whole verse, which struck me as much like 'Love Divine, all loves excelling.' This time it seemed more odd than before, but as I was just ready for bed I did not trouble to look it up and find out whether it belonged to that hymn or not. Came a night or two of interval, and then, under all but exactly identical conditions, I had 'Finish then Thy new creation' and the rest to the end of the verse. Completely astonished, next morning I referred to No. 426, and found that I had the whole hymn, word perfect, and verses in the right order.

The perplexing problem is, how did the hymn enter my mind? I never made the slightest possible effort to learn it. It has never been a special favourite of mine among our hymns, though it is one of great beauty and high poetic value, in spite of some rather loose rhyming. Of course, I must have heard it sung often enough, at various times and seasons—but this might be said of very many others which are not my mental possession as this one now is. I wonder what the psychologist will say. I know I have it 'in stock,' but how did it enter the warehouse? Did the 'sub-conscious mind' receive an order from the other mind, if that is the way to put it, and undertake the task and deliver the goods into the charge of memory? I wonder whether, if I had read Mr. Telford's paragraph about the hymn in his *Methodist Hymn-Book Illustrated* I might have got the omitted verse, second verse, as Charles Wesley wrote it, but I only found this a few days ago.

Is my experience related, psychologically, to the well-known fact that to memorize anything it is well to read or study it just before going to bed? Possibly, in view of my experience it also works in some quasi-independence while we wake?

I may be attaching too much importance to something which the scientific man will say is of little or no value. To my mind it has come as a problem of considerable interest and nearly related to a mystery.

# 'Lawrence and the Arabs'

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

NO story of adventure in the early days of English history is more enthralling than this volume published by Mr. Jonathan Cape (7*s.* 6*d.* net). Robert Graves was asked to undertake it last June, and was able to secure Lawrence's permission to write it. He was also allowed to use his friend's *Revolt in the Desert*, and the fuller record *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, which was prepared for private circulation among not more than a couple of hundred readers.

***An Adventurous Boyhood.***

Lawrence was born at Tremadoe in North Wales in August, 1888. His father came from County Meath, where his Leicestershire ancestors had settled in the time of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was a great sportsman. His mother went off two years ago to end her days with a mission in Central China, and only returned unwillingly when political troubles broke out. Part of Lawrence's childhood was spent in France, where he attended a Jesuit school, though neither he nor his parents were Catholics. The family finally came to Oxford, where the boy attended the City School. He was already an adventurer and a budding archaeologist. He arranged with the workmen to give him any pieces of pottery they dug up, and made himself an expert on the pottery of the Middle Ages. When he was thirteen he took long bicycle tours to study mediaeval armour and made brass-rubbings of old monuments in churches. He never told them at home where he was going, and liked to climb in at night through an upper window and to be found snugly in bed next morning. Later still he built a summer-house in the garden, which became his bedroom.

***College Life.***

He won a scholarship at Jesus College, and spent his three years largely in reading Provençal poetry. He took no part in college life, and never dined in hall. He really only had kept one term in the college; the rest of his time he was allowed to live at home. Mr. Cecil Jane, who coached him for a year, says he could be relied on to get more out of a suggestive sentence in a book than any ordinary man would get from a volume. He read a great deal and very fast. When the time came for his final examination he was unprepared, and was advised to supplement his other papers with a special thesis. He chose as his subject,

'The influence of the Crusaders on the mediaeval military architecture of Europe.' Before he went to the University he had visited every twelfth-century castle in England and France. He now spent the long vacation of 1909 wandering on foot in Syria with a camera, and brought back sketch-plans of every mediaeval fortress in Syria and a collection of Hittite Seals for Dr. Hogarth, who had become his warm friend. He had lodged in the Syrian villages, and begun that familiarity with Arabic dialects which has stood him in good stead in his wanderings.

***Excavation at Carchemish.***

On Dr. Hogarth's prompting Magdalene College now gave him a four years' travelling scholarship, and in 1910 he joined his friend in the British Museum excavations at Carchemish, the ruined Hittite capital on the Syrian side of the Euphrates. He was not a trained archaeologist as yet, but an odd-job man at fifteen shillings a day, and made it his main business to look after the gangs and keep them happy. For the rest, he had the photography, the pottery, the piecing together of broken scriptures, and, later, engineering work in laying or lifting the light railway that carried earth from the diggings to the dumps. But the gangs came first. 'While they were happy the work was sure to go well. Lawrence knew them all by name and even the names of their children for whom they would beg quinine when there was fever about.'

When digging stopped in winter Dr. Hogarth arranged for Lawrence to visit Sir Flinders Petrie's camp in Egypt, that he might study the most approved methods of digging. Petrie soon learned his value, and wanted him to come for another season, but Lawrence thought Egyptian excavation had solved its main problems, and preferred the search into the unknown Hittite civilization. When the sun set, and it became very cold in Egypt, Lawrence and his fellow-workers would wrap themselves round in the white linen grave clothes and walk home smelling of spices. Lawrence was not a ladies' man, but he had the greatest respect for Miss Bell, who visited Carchemish in 1911. There was great excitement among the diggers, who decided that she must be coming to marry Lawrence, whom they all knew to be a bachelor. All preparations were made for a festival, and when Miss Bell prepared to leave in the evening there was a great clamour. 'It was thought that she had refused Lawrence, and so insulted the village. Lawrence managed to quiet them down by an ungallant but successful lie before stones were thrown at Gertrude Bell, who had been puzzled by the demonstration, and

never learned the truth until Hogarth told her some years later. It amused her greatly.'

***Appearance and Habits.***

Lawrence was five feet five and a half inches high, with a big head, fair hair, and blue-grey eyes. He won the respect of the desert fighters by his feats of strength and agility as much as by his other qualities. He is rigidly abstemious, and neither drinks nor smokes, nor gambles.

***The Great War.***

When War broke out Lawrence tried to join an Officers' Training Corps without success. He found work in the Geographic section of the General Staffs at Whitehall, where he made maps of Sinai, Belgium, and France. Then Kitchener sent the members of the Sinai Survey of 1913-14 to Egypt. At Cairo it was soon found that Lawrence knew more of certain parts of Syria and Mesopotamia than did the Turks themselves. His outspoken frankness was not to the taste of some of the military men, but he rendered valuable service, and in April, 1916, was sent to Mesopotamia. Kut was then being besieged, and Lawrence was to go to the Turkish commander as member of a secret mission which was to persuade him not to press the siege. That conference only resulted in an exchange of sick members of the garrison for Turkish prisoners.

***First Meeting with Feisal.***

Lawrence meanwhile was cherishing thoughts of an alliance with the Arab tribes. His interest in the Arab revolt made him unpopular on his return to Cairo, but he was able to secure his transfer to the ' Arab Bureau,' which was run by a small group which included his friends Lloyd and Hogarth. In October, 1916, he and Storrs arrived at Jiddah, the port of Mecca. There he met Sherif Hussein's second son, Abdullah, flushed with a victory over the Turks. Lawrence found him too cheerful, shrewd, and affable to be the prophet of a successful revolt. He was able to go on to Ragbeh, where Feisal had his camp. An old man, who afterwards proved to be a Turkish spy, tried in vain to worm out his secrets, and after a trying journey he met the sheikh who was to lead the Revolt to full glory and become King of Iraq.

Feisal was tall and slender. He wore long white silk robes and a brown headcloth bound with a brilliant scarlet and gold cord. He asked how Lawrence liked his camp, and the answer, ' Well, but it is far from Damascus,' made the company in the room stiffen, and caused Feisal himself to ' hold his breath for a silent

minute. Some, perhaps, were dreaming of far-off success; others may have thought it a reflection on their late defeat. Feisal at length lifted his eyes, smiling at me, and said, " Praise be to God, there are Turks nearer to us than that." We all smiled with him, and I rose and excused myself for the moment.'

***The Military Situation.***

He found that Feisal needed a battery of mountain guns and machine guns to make an attack on Medina, which might check the Turkish advance on Mecca and give his father time to arm and train regular troops. Feisal had 8,000 troops, of whom 800 were camel fighters, the rest were hillmen under their own sheikhs, and too independent to fight a pitched battle under one commander. Lawrence's report was well received in Cairo, and he was sent back as Feisal's military adviser, though he protested that he was not a real soldier and hated responsibility.

When he got to his post, he found that Feisal's army had been badly shaken by a sudden attack from the Turks. Feisal's calm courage restored the spirits of his troops. His patience and self-control made a great impression on Lawrence. He did not reproach the men who had given way to panic, but chaffed them gently about the fine show they had put up.

It was an anxious time. The Turks were moving on Feisal's camp, but were losing an average of forty camels and twenty men per day in raids made by Harb tribes in their rear. On January 12, 1917, when thirty miles from Ragbeh, the Turks withdrew. The expedition against Medina was recalled, and ' for the next two years until the war ended and the Holy City surrendered, the Turks were kept sitting hopelessly in trenches outside it, waiting for an attack which never came.'

***A Great Fighter.***

Wejh was now taken, and opened the eyes of the British in Cairo to the value of the Revolt. Supplies were freely sent at last. Lawrence was at Wejh when Andra, the greatest fighting man in Arabia, appeared. He had married twenty-eight times, been wounded thirteen times, had killed seventy-five Arabs with his own hand in battle. Turks he did not count. He kept up quarrels with nearly all the tribes that he might have scope for frequent raids, yet he was modest, simple as a child, honest, kind-hearted. He had come chafing at the delay of the campaign, and rushed from the supper-table with a cry, 'God forbid! ' A loud hammering was heard outside, and then Andra returned. He had been battering to pieces his false teeth because the Turkish commander had given them to him. ' I was eating my Lord

Feisal's bread with Turkish teeth!' He had to suffer the loss for two months till a dentist came from Egypt to fit him with an Allied set.

***Help from Allenby.***

In June 1917 Lawrence made a journey of 400 miles through Turkish country right up to Damascus. It was a most daring ride and though he used no disguise he carried it through with perfect safety. He went again to Cairo, where his report made Allenby a hearty supporter of his plan for raising the Eastern Syrians in revolt behind the enemy lines. Mr. Graves says, 'The meeting of Laurence with Feisal had begun a new successful phase of the war in Arabia, the meeting of Lawrence with Allenby began an even more successful one.' The war in Arabia was now practically at an end; Feisal's troops, under the wing of Allenby, were about to take part in the deliverance of Syria. Lawrence had to be the leader. He managed to wreck a Turkish train which had 400 troops and a general's saloon. He was injured by the explosion, and was fired on by the Turks, so that besides cuts and bruises from flying boiler-plates, he had five bullet wounds and his clothes were ripped to pieces. He was now working in concert with Allenby and was able to stop the transport of food up the Dead Sea. For a moment he was in power at Damascus, where he saw the Arab flag set up on the Town Hall as the Turkish and German troops marched out. As he sat in his room working and thinking, a singularly sweet singing voice from a neighbouring voice rang out the call to prayer. At the close the muezzen dropped his voice two tones, and added, 'And He is very good to us this day, O people of Damascus.' Lawrence got back to London on November 11, 1918, and had his share of honours at the Versailles Peace Treaty. His business was to secure Arab interests, and he finally won his new victory in the realm of peace. In August, 1922, he enlisted in the Royal Air Force as T. E. Shaw, and is now in India hiding his laurels, but linked with Miss Gertrude Bell as one of the friends of Arabia who can never be forgotten.

---

The Religious Tract Society is unrivalled for its Scripture and Motto Cards which are executed with fine taste and skill. Its Copping Pictures of Bible scenes are famous, and to get them on sixpenny and shilling tablets means that no home or class-room need be without its charm. The Flower-Patch cards and Copping Easter cards are very attractive.

# A Psalm that has made Heroes

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

A sure stronghold our God is He,
  A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be and set us free
  From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe;
Armed with the strength of hell
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.

Through our own force we nothing can,
  Straight were we lost for ever;
But for us fights the proper Man,
  By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be?
Christ Jesus named is He,
Of Sabaoth the Lord;
Sole God to be adored;
'Tis He must win the battle.

And were the world with devils filled,
  All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
  They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore;
Look grim as e'er he may,
Doomed is his ancient sway;
A word can overthrow him.

Still shall they leave that Word His might,
  And yet no thanks shall merit;
Still is He with us in the fight,
  By His good gifts and Spirit.
E'en should they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife—
Though all of these be gone,
Yet nothing have they won,
God's kingdom ours abideth!

—*Luther* (1530) *translated by Catherine Winkworth.*

## IV

## LUTHER'S PSALM

IF there is one event above all others where the power of this song was made mighty to the blessing of the whole world, it is that of the Reformation of the Church in Europe in the sixteenth century. All the leaders of that movement felt its inspiration; but so powerfully did it take hold of the soul of their leader, Martin Luther, that from that time onward it has borne the added title of 'Luther's Psalm.'

To the heart of the great reformer all the psalms of Israel were precious. Only to know which of them were his favourites is to get near to a just appreciation of his character. It may be inferred, for instance, that it was a strong, stern soul, indeed, a violent one, which often used and greatly loved the Second Psalm. The Hundred and Tenth he also regarded as very fine—'a noble Psalm'—which declared to him the fundamental truth of the kingship and priesthood of Jesus Christ, the truth which with its various implications he maintained with all his power against the vain pretensions of Papal authority. But he longed for peace; and as he lay awaiting the call to heavenly rest he desired to hear the soothing comfort and the quiet assurances of the Fourth (the evening) Psalm. The Forty-sixth was a particular favourite. On this Psalm he based one of those hymns of the Western Church which evoke a deep response from the inmost being of all who are devout. It is in every feature a reflex of Luther's mind and experience. 'It has,' says Prothero, 'his heartiness, his sincere piety, his joyful confidence, his simplicity, and strength, his impetuosity and ruggedness. Harmony, delicacy, spiritual tenderness, are not there; but the words of his hymn breathe the same undaunted spirit which flames out in answer to the warning of his friends, "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on."'

Heine, the German poet and historian, also says of the reformer: 'Luther loved music, and has been called *the swan of Eisleben*. But he is very unlike a swan in some songs in which he animates the courage of his friends, and excites himself to the fiercest ardour. The hymn with which he entered Worms, followed by his companions, was a true war-song. The old cathedral trembled at these unwonted sounds, and the crows were startled out of their dark nests in the turrets of the spire. This hymn, the Marseillaise of the Reformation, has preserved to this day its energetic power.'

During the month of April, 1530, John, the Elector of Saxony, was on his way, with a hundred and sixty horsemen clad in scarlet and gold, to the city of Augsburg. He was an honourable man, sincere of heart, and ever ready to protect a righteous cause. His princely soul had welcomed with joy the dawn of the new day of spiritual freedom. He delighted in the sunshine of the liberty that streamed afar from heaven. One supreme joy was his—to listen with gladness at the close of day to the reading of the Scriptures. There was not a man with him but knew the tragic possibilities of the journey. Dangers threatened them all, though some of them more nearly than others. So they went forward, many riding there ' with downcast eyes and sinking hearts.'

Luther was there. So were other stalwarts of the battle for freedom, noticeable among them Justus Jonas and Melanchthon. These were among the downcast; but Luther was full of faith. He was in one of those victorious moods which make the way seem short and the cause invincible. The Emperor had been recently crowned by the Pope at Bologna, and had taken his seat on a throne beside that of the Roman bishop, only, however, six inches lower. He was now awaiting Luther's arrival, and those others who with him had challenged the supreme authority of that bishop. A malicious report, moreover, had been circulated stating that Luther and Melanchthon were dead.

' Alas! the rumour is but too true,' said Melanchthon gloomily when he heard of it, ' for I die daily.'

' Our enemies triumph,' replied Luther, ' but ere long to perish.' Such was the man's invincible faith.

' Let us fight the Emperor,' some said, ' for he is marching to destroy us.'

' No,' said Luther; ' let no prince undertake our defence. God is faithful; He will not abandon us.'

Thus, carrying no weapons of carnal warfare, brandishing no sword but that of the Spirit, and clad in no armour but that of righteousness, they went to meet the Emperor and his army. Their only opposition to the armed imperial forces was made in articles of faith boldly and carefully framed. As they journeyed the radiant eyes of Luther saw the distress of his comrades. He thereupon set himself the task of reviving their fainting courage. He had composed a hymn some time before, though exactly when nobody now can say. That hymn he began to sing with a clear, strong voice. It was the hymn that all the world now knows to be his great contribution to religious psalmody.

It began, ' Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,' or as it is translated, ' Our God is a strong tower.'

Based upon the leading thought of the Forty-sixth Psalm, suggested and inspired by the Psalm, it is, however, no translation of it. ' The Psalm,' says J.M., in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology,* ' is used only as a motto, the imagery throughout being entirely original. . . . In stanza i. we see our stronghold and its besiegers; in stanza ii. our weakness, our Saviour's power and might; in stanza iii. the vanity of the Prince of this World; in stanza iv. whatever earthly goods we lose we have our true treasure in heaven.'

That hymn has since cheered the drooping hearts of thousands of God's people. In multitudes of homes where liberty is loved and religion is treasured it has been accepted as the vehicle for the expression of the heart's deepest experiences. ' Never did soul that knew its own weakness, but which, looking to God, despised every fear, find such noble accents.'

At once, upon Luther's first singing of them, the words were caught up and their influence felt. Luther himself did not go on to Augsburg. For reasons of policy he was persuaded to stay in the Castle of Coburg. But during the Diet, while the great Confession was being read and the Romanizing nobles and priests were seeking to overthrow the work of God, the hymn sounded night and day. It spread through all the churches of Saxony. It became known, and was treasured wherever German-speaking worshippers gathered, apart from priestcraft, to cry unto God. It has since passed into many languages. Wherever it comes, it kindles the heart, it flings defiance at the powers of darkness, it bears the faithful soul up into the presence of God.

Luther meanwhile was waiting at Coburg, in ' the region of the birds,' as he describes his lofty apartment in the castle. His turbulent soul was distracted and moved by the swift alternation of hope and fear. Fighting a strong battle himself, he prayed unceasingly for his friends. When little bits of news reached him, he answered by writing letters full of strong encouragement to his comrades in the city. The news was all too scanty. There seemed to be a conspiracy to keep him uninformed. He could not rest. Three messengers came. A Wittenburg courier was the first. By him Luther expected ' forests ' of letters.

' Do you bring any letters? ' eagerly inquired the reformer.

' No! ' was the brief reply.

' How are those gentlemen? ' he asked in disappointment.

' Well,' was the taciturn answer.

A rider on horseback was similarly interrogated, with the same perplexing result, and a wagoner who had been to the city came back without news. When the third messenger arrived, and the same questions evoked the same blunt uninforming replies, the heart of Luther filled with anger and with fear. Had the cause perished? he wondered. Were his friends overthrown? He turned to his Bible, the ever-ready source of consolation. Seeing that men were silent, he would converse with God. Many passages in God's Word had peculiar charm for him. To them he turned again and again. In fact he knew them so well and loved them so much, that he had written some of them on the doors and walls of the castle. Now for his comfort he turned them up in the Holy Book, going from one well-thumbed page to another, his spirit drinking at the wells of salvation; and who can wonder that the song of the divine High Tower and of the Present Help in time of trouble was one of those he dwelt upon most lovingly? There he reassured himself of the truth of the message, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains carried into the midst of the sea.'

Luther did not leave the singing of his version to the voices of others. In that 'it breathes the force of battles, faces fearlessly the fire and the scaffold, and thrills in every line with unconquerable faith and Christian heroism,' he found comfort in it himself, as a strong father might in a son of unusual promise. The Protestant cause seemed to be staggering to defeat at Augsburg. He chafed at his compulsory absence. He longed to be in the very thick of the fight. But his present duty was to wait. He would not, however, wait in sloth and dreaminess. The sound of a lute was heard. It came from within the castle. It sounded every day. And there behold the man himself! He was standing at the window, singing out into the woods and fields, encouraging himself in the Lord. The lute and the voice rang out together, and the passers-by who heard the words recognized them as the words of his own great hymn.

Luther is known to history as the monk who shook the world. Yet he had his seasons of depression. During some of these dark hours Melanchthon was his companion. Cast in gentler mould was Melanchthon, but bound with ties of utter devotion to his stern, unflinching friend. On one occasion they were both downcast. But Luther, whose recoveries were often rapid, suddenly turned to his comrade and said, 'Come, Philip, let us sing the Forty-sixth Psalm.' Whereupon the voices of the two

men sounded forth in mutual comfort, singing Luther's version.

In the opinion of a writer already quoted the Forty-sixth Psalm and the Hundred and Thirtieth, both of them in the form given by Luther in his hymns, furnish the major and the minor key among the sacred songs of Germany. 'These two grand hymns,' says Dr. Ker, 'are not versions so much as adaptations, transfigured by the light of the New Testament and the view of Christ.' The full story of their influence can never be told. As a precious stone catches the light of the sun to imprison it and to reflect it, giving the impression that an undying fire lives in the heart of the crystal, so these hymns have caught the fire of their originals. The disciple learns of his master and catches his enthusiasm, thenceforward to manifest not his own purpose and power but that of his Lord. Even so the faithful words of Luther's hymns give a blessing first of all imparted to them from on high.

An early instance may be quoted. It concerns the town of Wittenburg, whose history gives it a unique place in the affection of all who love the Gospel light. It was there that Martin Luther, then a monk, had spoken out bravely against the prevailing sins of the people, had declared that religion demands hardness, and had held out the privileges of the Gospel as blessings within the experience of all believers, thus faithfully pursuing his course as a teacher and preacher. There, too, on the door of the Church of All Saints, he had nailed those ninety-five theses which were offered as subjects of open debate when Tetzel, the pardon-seller, drew nearer and nearer the town. That was the brave act of protest by which the devout young professor gave the signal for the greatest movement of modern times. Of the document thus exposed the local University press printed copies in Latin and German, and, flinging off edition after edition, soon set all Germany reading it. 'Ninety-five sturdy strokes struck at a great ecclesiastical abuse which was searing the consciences of many,' Professor Lindsay calls it, a manifesto 'plain and easily understood,' keeping 'within the field of simple religion and plain moral truths.' It was also Wittenburg which provided the simple wagon wherein, seated on armfuls of straw, Luther and three friends made their undaunted entrance into Worms, to the amazement and dismay of those who thought he would not dare to appear before the Imperial Council.

But in time the town passed under a cloud. When Luther had gone to his reward, it was surrendered by its governors to the power of the Emperor, Charles V. Then Jonas, Kreutziger, and

Melanchthon, the three stalwart men who had carried on the work of God, were sent into banishment. They left the town in great sorrow of heart. As they entered Weimar, the place made famous in recent history as the scene of the first National Assembly of the German Republic, their spirits were still greatly troubled. They passed along the streets. Suddenly a girl was heard singing. She sang Luther's great hymn.

'Sing on, dear daughter mine,' exclaimed Melanchthon, 'thou knowest not what comfort thou bringest to our heart.'

Verily it was as though the voice of their departed leader was calling to them, 'the Wittenburg nightingale,' as one has called him, whose song tells of the passing of the deceptive gleams and dark shadows of half-truths and falsehoods, and announces with confidence the permanence of the glorious kingdom of truth. Melanchthon had once been called the 'small heart.' Whatever cause, real or apparent, there was for such a name in the days at Augsburg when Luther threatened to come from Coburg Castle and deal with the papists in person, he was not that now. But the song with its tonic was needed, and again it wrought its good work.

A hundred years passed. On September 7, 1631, the army of Gustavus Adolphus was arrayed for battle before the city of Leipsic. This great hero of Sweden, after setting the affairs of his own country in order, had gone, at the request of the Protestants in Germany, and impelled by his own strong convictions, to the aid of the oppressed. He, as much as any one, so it is said, saved the liberties of Europe won in the previous century. Those who sought his aid were themselves unworthy of it. But the cause was greater than its professors. It claimed his support. With only eight thousand men, augmented after a time by a few English troops, he had marched victoriously across the country. In less than eight months he had taken eighty fortified towns. Thus he came to Leipsic, where he was opposed by Count von Tilly, the victor of thirty-six battles. Before the fight began the virtuous king, as was his custom, called his soldiers to worship. Then he led them in the singing of Luther's well-known hymn, and gave as the watchword for the army that day the phrase 'God with us.' Thus encouraged, he began the attack. Victory was his; while on the other side Tilly was not only defeated but wounded. The fight being won, Gustavus Adolphus, still under the influence of Luther's stirring words, stood before his men once more and gave thanks to God for the proof of that line, 'The field He will maintain it.'

The struggle was not yet over. A few months later the same leaders were again opposed. Once more the Swedish king was victorious, and in this engagement the commander of the imperial army received a wound which was mortal. The Emperor then restored Wallenstein, an old leader, to the chief command, who remained unbeaten when Gustavus Adolphus attacked him at Nürnburg. The armies met again at Lützen, near the scene of the king's victory over von Tilly. Again the king led his soldiers in prayer, again he led the singing of Luther's hymn. Another hymn had also become popular in the army, a 'heart-cheering song of comfort,' written by Altenburg soon after the battle of Leipsic under the inspiration of the watchword of that day. The king had sung it often during those last few strenuous months. He sang it again before Lützen, but, alas! it was for the last time. The month was November. The weather was foggy. The combatants could not clearly see each other. Gustavus Adolphus, having been wounded in the previous battle, could not wear his armour. God was his armour, he said, as he rushed into the fight. But he went too far. In the fog he became separated from his own followers, was surrounded by foes, and wounded afresh. He fell from his horse, and lay helpless on the ground. There he was recognized by a number of the enemy, who, seeing him defenceless, put an end to his life.

When his faithful troops saw his riderless horse, they redoubled their exertions and fought with renewed fury. They were again victorious. Then they sought his body on the field. When it was found it was seen to have been trampled upon until it was almost beyond recognition. Except for his shirt, his clothing had all been taken from him. His coat or jerkin was nowhere to be found, the plunderers having taken it away. That garment, however, was destined to become famous. Blood-stained, and pierced with many bullet-holes and sword-thrusts, it was long preserved as a relic in the Arsenal Museum at Vienna. Now at last it has been prominent in history once more; for since the close of the Great War it has been returned to Sweden by the Austrians in gratitude for the kindness of the Swedes in helping to feed the starving children of Vienna. Thus it has eventually become a national treasure in the land of its first owner, a perpetual reminder of the brave deeds of a devout and humble king whose fount of inspiration was Luther's mighty hymn.

Another long period of time passed by. Then in 1781, more

than two hundred and fifty years after the first blow in the great struggle for religious freedom had been struck, the Edict of Toleration was published. Yet cruel persecution had been practised only a little while before the end. The Protestants of Linz were among those who suffered. They had been taken from weeping friends and desecrated homes and banished to Transylvania. In their grief they had recited the well-known words,—

> Take, if they will our life,
> Goods, honour, children, wife,
> Yet is their profit small,
> These things may vanish all,
> The city of God remaineth.

'A heart-cheering song of comfort on the watchword of the Evangelical Army in the battle of Leipsic, September 7, 1631, God with us!'—

> Fear not, O little flock, the foe
> Who madly seeks your overthrow,
> Dread not his rage and power:
> What though your courage sometimes faints,
> His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
> Lasts but a little hour.
>
> Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
> To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
> Leave it to Him our Lord.
> Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
> He sees the Gideon who shall rise
> To save us, and His word.
>
> As true as God's own word is true,
> Nor earth nor hell with all their crew.
> Against us shall prevail.
> A jest and byword are they grown;
> God is with us, we are His own,
> Our victory cannot fail.
>
> Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
> Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
> Fight for us once again!
> So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
> A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
> World without end. Amen.
>
> —*Altenburg* (*translated by Catherine Winkworth*).

# Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

## IV. OUR MANSES AND MANSE GARDENS

Of heavenly birth,
Though wandering on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

At Jesus's call,
We gave up our all;
And still we forgo
For Jesus's sake our enjoyments below.

IT was quite early in my mother's career as a travelling preacher's wife, that, having cleaned her last manse to perfection, she took her general servant with her to the next. When, next day, those two women faced the worst (having followed a bachelor parson with a housekeeper who was evidently quite unaware of Methodist manse traditions) the maid said, 'Perhaps it's your mission in life, mum, to clean up the manses of Methodism!' My mother fervently hoped not.

We once inadvisedly engaged a maid who had been in service with the former minister's wife. Her ideas on cleanliness and many other things differed from ours, so the maid announced with what depth of sarcasm we never quite plumbed,

'Well, my last mistress wasn't near so partikler—but, then, she was *h'extra* pious. *I* did the work whilst she h'engaged in prayer in 'er bedroom.'

Those old manses could tell some rare yarns if they could speak. Some of us dream of them still. I once diverted pain-filled sleepless nights by haunting those I remembered. It was really entertaining though occasionally it savoured of nightmare.

There was one we called the Pill Box. It was of bright red bricks and was quite the smallest into which we ever tucked ourselves. The study was so wee that father could only just edge crab-wise round his desk and could very nearly reach all his books whilst sitting there.

When the K.S. boys came home, one slept in a room like a cupboard, with a leaky skylight that was always being repaired, and the other declared he had to waggle his toes out of his bedroom window if he wanted to stretch his full length. We could only have visitors when the boys were away, for then the schoolgirl daughters could give up their room and inhabit the two wee ones. It was quite exciting on a wet

day to dodge the splashes from the skylight and yet catch glimpses of one's hairdressing in the tiny mirror there. Writing of looking-glasses reminds me that it may not be generally realized, but it is undoubtedly a fact, that very few daughters of the manse, of my generation, anyway, have ' a good conceit o' their looks.' Manse mirrors were the least flattering of any, to put it mildly. It needed courage to go to a ' grand bazaar ' or New Year's Guild Social when the final prink in the mirror gave the top half of one's face a greenish hue, and comets, fixed stars, and burnt-out moons, not to mention a double reflection and a kind of milky way right across the middle, made the whole glass look like an astronomer's map.

Of course, we hoped all things, and could try and put all our defects down to the mirror's calumny! It may have been good discipline. Probably these mirrors were bought when Methodist bonnets, innocent of even a flat bow, were *de rigueur,* and we were hopelessly degenerate with our big black fly-away bows tying our plaits in the napes of our necks!

Woe betide the minister's daughters when they had hankerings after artistic effects in their bedrooms. We were both at this stage when we left a North Country manse for a Midland one. The explorer's thrills are nothing to the excitement of the first glimpse of the new house and its furnishings.

We followed Mrs. Senior Circuit Steward and our mother up the stairs, ' simply aching ' to see *our* bedroom. But Methodist decorum must be observed, and we meekly waited whilst we heard who was ' in office,' and who was the minister, when the stair carpet was bought, and just how long it may be since the hall and staircase were ' done ' in a gruesome scriggly design of conventional forms in a tesselated effect.

Then the best bedroom door was opened. ' This was dear Mrs. Smith's room ' (the last minister's wife). And we felt sorry for Mrs. Circuit Steward, whose heart was aching at the parting from her friend, and we felt horrid interlopers, and wished we could dissolve into thin air. Then our thoughts flew back to our last manse and we wondered if the same scene was being enacted there. Was ' our ' dear, motherly Mrs. Circuit Steward, the mother of our best friends, feeling choky because she wanted *us* back again in that manse? It was best not to dwell on that, or the fervent remark made by the schoolgirl friend at parting, ' I shall *hate* the next set of people, I know I shall—using your house, digging in your garden, sitting in your pew! '

Happily most of this fierce feeling fizzled out like a damp

squib, and letters came saying, ' Of course they aren't a patch on you, but not bad in their way.' And probably the next budget said, ' The eldest girl is in the fourth and frightfully good at hockey. We nearly always go and come home together. Hope you've found somebody decent in that one-eyed show you've gone to! '

But, as preachers say, ' this is a digression.'

When we finally reached ' our ' bedroom in that Midland manse we were dismayed to find that some well-meaning soul had painted all our furniture a crude pink, just the colour of pink flannelette. Could a colour scheme be evolved with that as a keynote?

Our bedroom in our last manse was a riot of different patterns of linoleums as a surround. We used to tell each other how tame it would be when we ' sat down ' and had only one pattern in our bedroom. For here we had the excitement of six different patterns. By the door there was a bit of rush pattern, a left over, from the drawing-room, by the fire-place we met the study's leavings, in the window the bathroom's geometrical pattern leapt at us, and so it went on.

We went to a manse in the West Country where our artistic souls were harrowed by the decoration and furnishing of the drawing-room. I remember writing to an old friend—a circuit steward's daughter—who always expected a full description of ' our new sphere of labour,' and she showed me the letter again years afterwards.

' The drawing-room carpet is the vividest green—we say it looks as if it had been dyed in the blood of a million or so green caterpillars. It smites the eye. The Super must never sit there for long before a service, or we shall have to rush out and get an accredited substitute, for I'm sure he'd have " one of his bilious attacks." There is a frieze with a design of grapes, and one might think one had entered the promised land—but the grapes are a hideous pillar-box red, and certainly don't " invite the longing taste." In fact, " the children's teeth are set on edge," and cold shudders afflict their spines.'

I remember that manse so well and its basement kitchens. They were stone-flagged, and the stones from the kitchen to the larder had worn into quite a deep depression, which was smooth and very slippery. We called it ' The Pilgrim's Way.' It was a case of,

> Christians walk warily, warily, warily;
> Christians walk warily,
> Danger is nigh.

No amount of scrubbing had any effect, so we walked delicately, like Agag.

Manse people nowadays revel in Chesterfields, and such luxurious delights. What would they think of a North Country manse of my childhood, where both dining-room and drawing-room furniture was upholstered in that prickly horror—horse-hair? How we tried to find comfort by sitting well back in those black caverns of chairs and skated forward, pricking our legs and arms. One armchair really was more like a fakir's bed of spikes.

The first manse garden that I can remember was overshadowed by the adjoining chapel, but we each had our little plot and grew enormous sunflowers, of which we were very proud. They struck awe into my small soul. I still have the feeling that sunflowers have faces and look down on small folk from their superior height, as if to say, ' Oh! you're *there,* are you? '

There is one flower especially associated in my mind with changing circuits. It is the white autumn anemone. We always seemed to find those old friends in the manse garden when we made our hurried survey the first evening in the new circuit.

' Is there anything much in the garden? ' was the question we were eager to answer. The little mother loved gardening, and patiently set to work to begin all over again with a most unpromising plot, having left the last only now really repaying her labours. We used, if possible, to take with us special ' remembrance bits ' from the last manse and from friend's gardens and pop them in that first evening whatever else was neglected.

Many a manse garden should still be the sweeter for what my mother planted. For years we took corms of Madonna lilies about with us. They moved very well just then, and as they multiplied, we left some behind us in the old circuit, and some went on into the new. And now we have ' sat down ' and the little mother has gone on to a fairer garden, her lilies still bloom as a sweet reminder of her.

Very often she left a sweet briar in the old garden. She generally planted it by the gate or door ' to give people a sweet welcome,' she said. It was just such a sweet welcome as she gave them inside, refreshing and enheartening.

Over thirty years ago she planted a climbing rose in a South Country garden, and when I go back there I find it still blooming and beautifying the house she lived in.

Naturally there was great rejoicing if the manse garden possessed fruit trees and bushes, and we still talk of the huge plums in our last manse garden and the almost endless

raspberries. We used to turn the young colleague loose there to pick his own fruit and take home to his landlady.

We soon learned to adapt our methods in our gardens as in our Churches, but when you take flight from Dorset to Durham conditions are difficult at first, and hardly less so when one is whiffled from the West Coast to North Lincolnshire.

## TO A SUFFERING ONE

By ELLEN BROWNSCOMBE

'Tis not for naught the anguish and the pain,
'Twill cease ere long,
And, though to thee the meaning be not plain,
'Twill end in song.
Our bodies frail are framed of plastic clay,
That Life may mould
And make us meet for realms of endless day
And joys untold.
We make our plans, and try to work them out,
In our own way,
But circumstances turn them right about
And bid us 'Stay!'
We cannot trace the Hand that foils our will
And makes us rest,
We'll trust Him when He whispers 'Peace, be still.'
For that is best.
And when the pain and weakness are so great
We scarce can smile,
We'll place our hand in His, and calmly wait
'A little while.'
We know He bore such pain that man ne'er knew
Upon the Tree,
Scorn and reviling, scourgings not a few
For you and me.
And shall we then give way to doubts and fears?
Wound Him again?
Nay, rather, let us dry our bitter tears,
Nor cause Him pain.
Dear Lord! with shame and sorrow we confess
Our lack of trust,
We'll love Thee every moment, nothing less!
We will! we must!
So stay Thou with us, Lord, and shed Thy light
O'er all the way,
And may we see its glory shining bright
By night and day.
I place my hand in Thine, and weep no more,
I trust Thy love,
Oh give me joy from out Thy wondrous store,
All joys above.

# Decent Burial

## Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

THE maids were all in bed, and Miss Plunket, following her usual habit, sat by her dining-room window facing Dr. Farquar's house; not spying on them, with suspicion in her mind of ill-treatment of a young wife, as she had once done, to her undying regret and humiliation, but loving to catch a glimpse of one of them, even though that glimpse were only a shadow on the blind. The Farquars were now of the friends she loved best. Of her own kith and kin she had no one left whom she had known. There were many relations across the Atlantic, of whose existence she was aware; but she had never seen them. Of her own family, her immediate family, all except herself, had already had decent burial—except one. How he had died, this brother of hers, who had been the 'black sheep' of the family, and nearer to her heart than any of the other brothers and sisters, had been communicated to her father years ago, how many years?

And she, Anne Plunket, had heard her father's denunciation of Ronald, who had brought dishonour on the family, and had died from a dagger-thrust in the 'Bowery' at New York.

Of all the family, she alone had sorrowed for Ronald. He had been wild and reckless, certainly; and his love of adventure had gotten him into trouble many a time, before that last fatal scene in a low saloon in the Bowery. Many and many a time Miss Plunket had secretly wept that she could not even visit Ronald's grave—somewhere. There had been a big 'Hush! hush!' in the respectable family. She had never known where Ronald had been buried. The father had, like many more very respectable fathers, issued a command that Ronald's name should never be mentioned again, since he had disgraced his family.

On this particular night Miss Plunket grieved and grieved over this brother whom she had loved so well, and she longed for the silent companionship of those shadows on the blind of that drawing-room opposite. Even to the Farquars she had never spoken of Ronald. She knew instinctively that no one —not any one—could be brought to see Ronald with her eyes. She knew that Ronald was not bad at heart. She knew that in his veins ran the blood of reckless sea-faring ancestors on one

side. She knew, too, that also in his veins ran the blood of splendid pioneers—men of honour, and of colossal courage. He had once said to her ' Anne, I don't know if I shall die a Holy Martyr—or a felon! '

She alone of all the family had understood the complexity of his nature. He had been ' sent down ' from Cambridge for defying authority and had been at once banished to America by an outraged parent, but not without a certain sum of money with which to sink or to swim.

Oddly enough it was Tommy Giles who had laid this old wound open for Miss Plunket. She had sent for the boy, after his extraordinary exploit in killing a timber-wolf loose in the Farley pinewoods. She had felt he should be rewarded.

She had asked him to tell her what he would like to have, and to her great astonishment he had said, ' Decent burial for that poor beast, miss.' He went on, ' You see, miss, I had to kill him, or he'd have killed me. But I feel sort of real sorry for him. He was well-nigh starved. We all have to get our food, don't we? Well, he was hungry—I killed him. Don't seem right, somehow! And, Miss, can you have his body moved from outside Jack Barnard's shop, and buried somewhere decent? I can't bear him lying there for folks to stare at.'

' Tommy, he shall have a nice grave in my garden,' she had told him, and that had made the boy happy.

It was after that that she had given Tommy the motor-cycle.

As always, a light from the doctor's drawing-room windows made the road visible late into the night, for Mrs. Farquar always waited up for her husband if he were out to see a case; and if he were not, these two, a pair of old married lovers, always sat together in the drawing-room till quite late. Sometimes they gave forth music, he on the violin, she on the piano.

Miss Plunket found a curious pleasure in all this. She was getting at least the backwash of married happiness. She was not envious—far from it! She was glad in the happiness of others. But to-night Ronald was in her mind, and an old wound was open. Ronald, the baby of the family, banished to America, to sink or to swim! Ah! it had not been fair! She recalled her prim mother, and her legal father, who neither of them ever made allowances. Ronald! poor Ronald never had had a chance. He had been a ' throwback ' from adventurous ancestors. There had been no real vice in him. He had, she remembered, far more tenderness, far more toleration than any

member of her family. To her, alone, he had been a chum. All the others had more or less disapproved of him, even before his escapade at Cambridge, which had ' sent him down.'

When he was ordered abroad, he had come up to Anne's room after all the rest were in bed and had asked her to come out with him for a last walk in the dear beechwoods that surrounded the grounds of their father's house. It had been in late summer, and the night was warm and aromatic. She now recalled the scent of rosemary, and of box-borders, as she and her young brother passed along the crazy-path which led to the little wooden gate set against the beechwood.

Now, after so many years, she recalled small, unimportant details of that last night together. There had been a moon nearly at the full, and she had donned a dark cloak that her white gown might not be visible to any of the inmates of the house, should they chance to look out from their windows.

Anne's room in the east wing of the rambling old house was near to Ronald's. She had known quite well that he would come to her when all the family had retired for the night. For that reason she had not undressed. She recalled to-night vividly the stealthy tap on her door, and her own quick opening of it, knowing well what she would see, in the moonlight that flooded her room, the pale, handsome face of that poor condemned brother of hers who on the morrow was to pass out of her life, leaving a blank nothing could fill.

Everything came back to her this night; and all because, all unknowing, Tommy Giles had opened an old wound.

' Come out in the beechwood for a last walk, old girl,' Ronald had whispered. ' We can slip out by the servants' staircase, and through the conservatory. No one will be the wiser. To-morrow morning we shall have no chance of being alone together.'

And they had sped like thieves out of their father's house, stealthily, with almost a guilty feeling, so had they been under the yoke of stern parental rule.

Deep in the beechwood was a clearing, with fallen beeches lying ready for the saw. There the brother and sister had halted; and seated on a fallen tree had had their last talk—their last farewell.

Ronald had been only nineteen then, and she, Anne, had been twenty-one. Of the other children, the girls had married, and the boys were in honourable positions.

'Oh, Ronnie! if only I could go with you!' Anne had said. 'I shall be so desolate without you! I would gladly stand any hardship to be with you.'

'I know, dear little sister,' he had answered. 'And I would give anything if it were possible for us to be together. We have always been such pals. But, Anne, I promise you this, should it ever be possible for me to come back to you I will come. Yes, even if by then we are both old. You have been the only one among all my relatives who, knowing the worst of me, have made the best of me.'

And she had answered, she remembered, stoutly, and with some indignation.

'To hear you talk, Ronnie, one might think you had committed a crime! All you have done is to act very foolishly, because of your fun-loving high spirits. Lots of young fellows among those undergraduates did wilder things but managed not to get caught.'

'Oh, that!' he had answered, as if the whole thing had been an insignificant episode. 'The "Rag" was not really what sent me down from Cambridge. I didn't work, I own it. "The powers that be" saw I never should be any good. I compliment them on their insight.'

'But, Ronnie, you have brains,' she had told him. 'You are clever—really clever,' and he had smiled. She would never forget that smile, for his face was lit by the moonlight that bathed the clearing in the wood. It was the smile of a boy—a happy schoolboy tickled by a joke.

'Why do you smile?' she had asked a little aggrievedly. It had seemed to her a little heartless that he should so smile, when this was their last night together; when to-morrow he would set out on that journey to America. Was he secretly glad that at last he was to taste real freedom and be for ever free from the parental yoke? Had he no care for the sister who would have to stay, like a tree rooted to a spot where its shadow turns at its foot?

He had suddenly put his arms around her and kissed her. 'I smiled, little sister, because of your wondrous belief in me. You lit a lamp in me somewhere, and for the first time I thought I might have brains and make good use of them. I smiled, for a castle arose before my eyes—a castle in Spain, perhaps—yet it seemed very real while I smiled. I realized that to be unfettered would give me my chance. Don't you think, Anne, that the stern, severe discipline of this house has been

about the worst thing for me? I have had ancestors who have been explorers, who have braved unknown dangers; their blood runs hot in my veins. You know my father, and yours; well, he is just a lawyer who is as dry as the parchment he uses, a successful barrister, whose god is success, monetary success. I have other ideas. I am not sorry I got "sent down," or I would have been compelled to take a law degree, and "follow in the old dad's footsteps." I am built differently. I don't know just what I shall turn my hand to over there, but I mean to feel freedom, to know what vast spaces mean; to smell the salt of an ocean which is far from land, and to drink life from it! Yet, little Anne, I shall not be forgetting you. The one sorrow in leaving for this new free life is leaving you; and if I don't after my headstrong fashion hash-up things, but make something of my life which shall count, then my one wish is to share with my old pal of childhood's days. Should I make a hash-up of things, then I know, little sister, you will give my misdoings decent burial, remembering only your love for me, and mine for you.'

Thinking to-night of that long ago, Miss Plunket found tears trickling down cheeks no longer young, showing that the founts of remembrance had not dried up.

Poor Ronald had made 'a hash-up of things,' but assuredly she had given his wrong deeds decent burial. Whatever he had done, she was sure, yes, absolutely sure, Ronald was not a bad man. 'Black sheep of the family' he had been called, but he had, she was sure, never really acted ignobly. She was resentful against those of her family who had always believed the worst of him; and she remembered bitterly to-night that all of the family except herself had believed the worst of him.

Now she was the last left of that family, and as she sat in her darkened room watching the friendly light in the Farquar's drawing-room window, she felt thankful that dear friends were so near. She did not want to see them just then; but it was a comfort to feel them near.

All at once Miss Plunket was surprised to hear a motor car hooting. It was not Dr. Farquar's, as he had come home some time ago. It was not from Farley Manor, as it came from the opposite direction. It stopped opposite the doctor's house. Miss Plunket watched with eager interest. This was certainly something new happening. Her mind was freed from a sad train of thought by the trivial incident.

Someone got out of the car which had stopped by the doctor's

house. To her amazement this someone walked over to her front door, and rang.

Miss Plunket knew by long experience that no clanging of the front-door bell would disturb the maids, once they had retired for the night. She hurried from the room, into the big square entrance hall, and drew back the heavy bolts of the door. The hall was dark except for the gleam of the headlights left full on in the car. Miss Plunket felt about on the hall table for the flat, silver candlestick, and lit her bedroom candle, before actually opening the door, through the fanlight of which light streamed from the car. Of course, whoever it was, had mistaken her house for the doctor's. She somehow felt a little flustered, all the same. She had been suddenly called out of the past into the present.

The heavy door swung open, and the lighted candle flame swayed in the draught.

A tall man, who stooped, stood still for a moment, looking at her uncertainly. Even in the dim light of the candle Miss Plunket saw that the man was old and ill.

She spoke to him gently. 'It is, I think, Dr. Farquar's house you want,' she said. 'That is opposite. Your car is just before it.'

Then he spoke. 'You don't know me, Anne, yet I know you.'

He stepped into the hall, and closed the door, while Miss Plunket wrestled with a strange spasm at her heart, which made her gasp for breath.

'I am dreaming, or I have gone mad!' she at last managed to say. 'You are dead! You died long ago in the Bowery at New York. You—you are Ronald's ghost; but you are old, old!' Her voice trailed off in a dry sob, in which fear had a part. The man's hair glistened white now he had removed his hat. His face was pale and drawn, though the blue eyes still looked at her with a flicker of humour in them. But the mouth, Anne noted, had a grim, firm set, which Ronald's had never had.

'Come, Anne!' he said, taking her wrinkled face between his hands and kissing her. 'I have given you a fright. You look better now. Didn't I tell you if ever I made good I would come back to you?'

Amid a rush of tears and joyous laughter Miss Plunket embraced her brother. 'Oh! come into the dining-room, Ronnie!' she cried. 'I will light the lamps and raid the larder. The maids are in bed. What about your car?'

Her eagerness brought a light of youth into her face. In a flash Ronald saw the Anne he had left—how many years ago?

His own tired face lit up. ' Well now, there is Bounce, my chauffeur, my valet, my cook on occasion, my sick nurse at all times, for I am not well, you see. Can you put up Bounce and the car?'

' Of course I can! ' she exclaimed. ' Tell him to take the car in at the big white gate. He'll see the garage. My car is there, but there is room for another. Tell him to come in when he has stowed the car. Oh! I am not awake yet! I am afraid to wake and find you are dead as I thought.'

With a feverish vivacity she opened the front door. Brother and sister then saw Dr. Farquar interrogating Bounce. The doctor was evidently under the impression that a patient was within the car, and that an accident had occurred.

' It's all right, Doc.,' they heard Bounce say. ' There's been no accident, though that isn't the fault of your patchwork roads. My boss is in with his sister, Miss Plunket, and I am in hopes they don't forget all about me. My boss was fair crazy to get here. We've motored from London, bought the car there, wouldn't wait the night. He's got to have a hot bath. He's not well; and this almighty blamed rush is no good for him, and only just off the liner, too! '

Miss Plunket followed her brother across the street and introduced him to the doctor.

' This is my dear brother, Ronald, who I thought was dead, Dr. Farquar,' she said in a voice that strove not to tremble.

Dr. Farquar led the old brother and sister back into Miss Plunket's house in a very policeman-like manner. ' In you go,' he said in his heavy-father style. ' It is far too cold for you out here. I'll come in with you and give your directions to the chauffeur; and, incidentally, I shall give each of you a little something from my surgery.'

In a very short time, to the amazement of Miss Plunket, Bounce had got the kitchen range full of a roaring fire to heat water for his master's bath. He had himself prepared the bed for his master, and had arranged a ' shake-down ' for himself in the dressing-room attached to it. He produced hot-water bottles, and concocted a warm food from something in a tin, which he placed over a spirit lamp by his master's table. He had asked Miss Plunket to show him the kitchen, and the bedroom, and ' the wood-pile,' and the ' coal oil.' This last had

mystified Miss Plunket till her brother translated it for her into paraffin!

Bounce had found the larder for himself, and, having got the dining-room fire 'going to beat the band,' as he explained, he brought in a tray of supper—cold chicken and ham, and some cheddar cheese, with some crisp rolls of bread, and a pat of butter.

'That's what Bounce is, Anne,' Ronald had said from the depths of a roomy chair by the fire. 'He has saved my life by his care on the voyage. Anne, you have got to know. The doctors on the other side said I'd never stand the voyage. They gave me a very short time, even if I stayed quiet where I was. It is heart trouble and some complications—that stuff your Dr. Farquar gave me has bucked me up. Well, Bounce knew that my one wish was to reach you. My lawyer had found out for me where you were. He found out, too, that all the rest of our family were dead. Bounce fought the doctors. He said he'd bring me. He said I hadn't long, anyway, and I was going to have my heart's desire of going to my sister, or he would die in the attempt. That's Bounce. Bounce was with me before I struck oil. He and I worked in a Chinese laundry together! Oh! I did lots of queer things to earn a living I can tell you. I thought I should make a hash of things for ever, when, last year, when I was working in the kitchen of a New York hotel, I suddenly thought of a new and quick way to seal up tins of foodstuffs. Bounce was there. He had followed me from the Chinese laundry like a faithful dog. I told him my idea, and together we pulled it off. It was taken up all over America, and I am a rich man. But for Bounce I would not be here to tell my tale. It is queer, but he loves me. Only you and he have done that—not in that way. I have well provided for him, but he does not know nor does he care. Anne, I beg of you to keep him with you—if—if anything happens to me. That night in the Bowery at New York, when I was stabbed, it was Bounce who carried me off and nursed me back to life. Every one believed me to be dead. No one troubled. It was strange, but Bounce always recognized that I was a gentlemen, and acted as if my servant. He once told me his father had been a butler in big families. Just why he was out in New York picking up a living anyhow he has not told me. But I have always suspected that he was a scapegoat for some one.'

'Now, sir, your bath is ready, and you've had enough talk, and then some, for to-night.'

Miss Plunket looked with really interested eyes now on her brother's servant. He was a bit stocky in build. His hair was greying and cropped close. His eyes were blue, and black-lashed; Irish eyes, she decided, just as the wide, humorous mouth was Irish. But 'Bounce' was certainly not an Irish name. Probably it had been bestowed on him in America.

'When he's in bed, Miss, I'll tell you. You'll like to sit by the bed a bit,' he said, as he gently led his master away. 'And Dr. Farquar is coming to have a look at him early to-morrow.'

Miss Plunket accepted the dictum of Bounce much as her brother did. Bounce was a bit of a Napoleon in his way. His personality told.

Alone in her dining-room by the fire which Bounce had piled high, Miss Plunket shivered. She was strained to the uttermost to keep any sort of control of herself. The impossible had happened. That beloved brother had come back to her. But her joy was set in the midst of a black cloud—a cloud so thick that the shining of her joy-star could scarcely pierce it. She knew that Ronald had only come to her to say good-bye. Oh! if only!—if only they could have had even a few months together! Yet, with clasped hands, she thanked God that He had let her hear that dear voice again.

She sat quite still, except for that shivering which she could not control. A faint tap on the door, followed by the entrance of Bounce, roused her to effort. She must keep control of herself at any cost.

'He's in the warm blankets, Miss,' said the man; 'and the fire in his room is red. I've given him the medicine he was ordered, and I've come to fetch you. Don't let him talk, Miss, will you? Just you sit by him a bit. I've made a chair comfortable for you with a cushion or two; it is close to the bed.'

'Bounce, get a good meal for yourself,' she commanded, noting the pallor of his face.

'Sure thing, Miss,' he answered, with a brave attempt at cheerfulness, which his weary look denied. 'I am never shot into a place where I can't find everything there is pretty quick. I'll have some tea and some cold beef. But, Miss, I'll hear if you call me ever so soft.'

Miss Plunket entered the guest-chamber where her brother lay. In the fourpost bedstead, hung with rich, faded fabric, the bedstead which had been in their great-grandfather's house long

long ago, lay an old, old man, whom she had parted with as little more than a boy, years and years ago.

His eyes were closed. The firelight showed his face clearly, though the shaded lamp upon a chest of drawers gave no light to the bed. His face wore an expression of supreme content. He was asleep. Very quietly Miss Plunket seated herself in the chair which Bounce had placed at the bedside. She watched the firelight flicker on the peaceful face, and uttered a silent prayer of thankfulness that such serenity should mark his passing. She knew, yes, she knew, even without what she had been told, that this was the passing.

One of his thin hands lay outside the coverlet. She laid her wrinkled cheek upon it and felt it wet, scarcely conscious that her tears had wet it.

And as she sat there, Dr. Farquar was saying to his wife, 'Oh, that poor dear woman over the way! It is too sad for words. Her brother cannot last the night. It is a miracle that he got here at all. That servant of his must have been extraordinarily devoted. I gave the poor fellow a draught that would effectively rouse him for a time, so that he could talk to her; but I saw that I was thrashing-up the very last ounce of strength.'

Mrs. Farquar's eyes filled with tears. 'She never spoke of this brother to us,' she said sadly. 'I felt often that she had some hidden grief.'

And the hours passed on. Miss Plunket never stirred, nor did the man who still breathed. He slept, but his sister's eyes brooded on his face, as her cheek lay on his hand. She was trying to trace in that old old face a likeness to the reckless, loveable lad she had met for a farewell in the beechwood. She caught it at times when a flicker passed over the face of the man which was almost humorous. At one moment the face was distinctly fun-lit as in those old days, bringing a spasm of pain to the heart of the old sister by his side. He was dreaming, she felt sure. He was living over again dead days in which the sun had shone.

'Ah!' she sighed. 'Poor Ronnie! Anyway, this is not death in the Bowery, and an unknown grave!'

Miss Plunket knew nothing of the passing of the hours. She had a watch hanging from a gold chain, and embedded in a small pocket at her waist, but she never consulted it.

Once Bounce came in and replenished the fire without speaking. She had known this, but had made no sign. She was

shut in close with what remained of life in that placid figure on the bed.

It all seemed to her as a strange, painful dream, from which she would wake to find the humdrum ordinary life of Farley village; yet, somehow, she was conscious of a morrow on which nothing should ever be the same.

All at once, the hand on which her cheek rested stirred. She rose instantly to her feet, and bent over her brother. He opened his eyes and smiled into her face.

'Anne!' he said in a weak voice, 'God is good! God is very forgiving! Anne! my little sister, who was always my pal! Anne, God has let me come back to you. Kiss me good-bye! We shall meet again.'

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Miss Plunket gave and received that farewell kiss.

The next thing she knew was that Bounce was beside her, tending her gently as a woman.

After that for many hours she knew nothing.

She found herself in her own bed with Dr. and Mrs. Farquar beside it.

'Now, you will take this beef tea,' came in Mrs. Farquar's soothing voice.

'And you must not worry about anything,' came in Dr. Farquar's voice.

Then she remembered, and a flood of tears came.

'That's right, cry, dear woman,' said Dr. Farquar, 'and then dry your tears. Your dear brother had his last wish granted. He came to you, thanks to the heroic efforts of that admirable servant of his. Come, pull yourself together, for we know you will want to make arrangements yourself—for we know you.'

Miss Plunket rose, and sat upright in her bed. Her well-known look of determination came to her face. Then she uttered the cryptic remark, 'It is not death in the Bowery and an unknown grave. My Ronnie will have decent burial.'

---

In the corporate life of the Christian Church, the English Bible has been a central and vitalizing force. What a wealth of scholarly thought, patient research, and religious experience is treasured up in the literature which has grown around it! It has been the source of every evangelical revival at home, the inspiration of every movement to christianize those in the regions beyond, and an invaluable ally to most of the translators of the Scriptures in the eight hundred languages in which they may now be read.—Dr. J. H. Ritson in *The Bible among Men.*

# Voices of the Past

By RICHARD H. WRAY

## II.—ROBERT NEWTON

THE subject of the present sketch was a prince not only in the pulpit, but on the platform. The present generation is accustomed to hearing religious teachers speak both from pulpit and platform. But the public meeting is not among the early institutions of Methodism. The preachers of Wesley's day, and for a score of years after his death, were preachers only, not public speakers also. The genesis of the public meeting in Methodism was associated with the development of Missionary advocacy. While it was agreed by the Conference in 1804 that collections in support of the Missions should be made in all the Wesleyan congregations in every circuit in Great Britain, the first public Missionary Meeting was not held till October 9, 1813, in Leeds. ' The date of that meeting is counted the birthday of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.' The influence of public meetings, henceforth, not only in deepening interest in Missions, and kindred objects, such as the noble work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, but also on those who addressed the meetings, was notable. A freedom of speech, and breadth of outlook, were acquired, which were neither desirable nor allowable in the pulpit.

Indications are indeed not wanting of temptations in this new institution, to garrulity and anecdotage, from which not all modern speakers are immune. But the conditions of the platform gave liberty to speakers, who, had they only learnt to preach, would never have shaken off the shackles that restrained them. Everett, in a striking paragraph, draws attention to the emancipating influence of the platform:

' It was soon found, in this novel theatre of action, that Methodist preachers outstripped all others; the clergy were haffling and timid, the dissenters were stiff and studied, while the Wesleyans were easy, bold, and varied, perhaps too jocose in the outset—a defect which was soon toned down; the platform speakers, however, belonging to other communities, have, since then, been gradually improving.' (*Wesleyan Centenary Takings,* p. 134.) Even in our days we have heard clergy of the Anglican Church who were ' haffling and timid,' through lack of practice in extempore speech.

In *The Letters of James Macdonald,* grandfather of Frederic

W. Macdonald, there is this delightful reference to an early Manchester Missionary Meeting, at which he spoke with Jabez Bunting and Richard Watson. 'A pleasing motion was put into my hand, on which I spoke for about twenty minutes, and with liberty sufficient to do more than save me from contempt. I felt on the occasion what a man of sensibility is apt to feel on first delivering an extemporary discourse before a popular audience. Such as do not preach extempore are equally unacquainted with the pleasures and pains attendant on doing so. I have long proved that the pleasure far more than counter-balances the pain' (p. 81).

Robert Newton had not the learning of Richard Watson or of Adam Clarke, the statesmanship of Jabez Bunting, or the evangelistic gifts of William Bramwell. But in widespread popularity based on single-minded devotion to Methodism, geniality of spirit, and marvellous powers of speech, he had no rival in his generation. One of his biographers, writing in 1854, says,

'The facility with which he could lay hold of an incident and manufacture it to his own purpose, the terseness of his arguments, the force of diction, accompanied with a musical voice, a commanding figure, and graceful action, have long ceded to him the palm of "the prince of the platform." . . . Robert Newton was called to the platform to plead the cause of Missions, and certainly, never has the platform been honoured with a more faithful and powerful advocate than it met with in him. The platform seemed to be his forte. He appeared there in all the dignity of an ancient Roman, graceful, natural, dignified; or as Paul standing before Festus, and commanding an undivided sway.'

We select from Everett's description of his voice, sufficient to show its remarkable power and compass: 'We do not say too much, when we affirm, that we never heard such another voice—we mean for speaking; and doubt whether its equal can be found in the three kingdoms—at home or abroad, in the Christian Church. To the public we make an appeal; no voice was ever more frequently or more widely heard—a voice, which seems actually to improve by age and exercise. Though power is its leading characteristic, like that of the organ; yet like the same instrument, it has compass and variety, as well as sweetness—swelling, pealing, softening, but never dying on the ear—except when untouched: always audible, always agreeable, always inviting.' (*Wesleyan Centenary Takings*, p. 240.)

Newton's voice was his distinctive asset as a preacher; and, be it noted, it was natural and unaffected. His unparalleled popularity was chiefly due to his peerless voice. The young preacher of to-day is sometimes forgetful of the possibilities of the voice, and neglects to develop his latent vocal powers.

Newton's throne was the pulpit. 'His visits were times of spiritual refreshing. Few popular preachers have shown less desire merely to please or captivate an audience. He had a message to deliver; he was emphatically an ambassador, a special envoy, for Christ. His themes were singularly few; but their repetition never palled.' (*New History of Methodism,* i. p. 410.)

He was a great itinerant. He was so frequently invited to open chapels, and to advocate the cause of Missions, that the Conference liberated him from week-day work in his circuits, and allowed him to exercise a ministry involving almost ceaseless travelling from Monday morning to Saturday night. Everett thus pictures the traveller: 'Now in Edinburgh, then in the Metropolis—now in Cornwall, then in Northumberland—now in Bristol, then in Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, or elsewhere, spreading himself over the country, like a piece of net-work—crossing and re-crossing—travelling from eight to nine thousand miles, and begging from four to five thousand pounds per annum—coming out of each journey, and appearing in each pulpit, with a countenance as open as the day, and spirits as joyous as those of the lark, when the streaks of the morning begin to break over the earth.' (*Wesleyan Centenary Takings.*)

Railways came into operation during his ministry, and one authority estimates that in the stage coach days he travelled six thousand miles a year; and, after railways were introduced, from eight to ten thousand miles a year.

One of Newton's greatest traits was his love for the villages of Methodism. Born in a Yorkshire village, and spending his early ministry in country circuits, he never lost his interest in the villages, and gave of his best to them. He died in a small country town, Easingwold, to which he had retired.

'It is related that as Robert Newton lay dying, he said: "I am a Methodist preacher, an old Methodist preacher." With this good confession on his lips, Robert Newton joined the Church triumphant. Glorying in the Gospel that had so fully saved himself, he would have it proclaimed "in all creation under heaven"; and he strove to set every man upon this business whom his mighty voice could reach.' (*Wesley's World Parish,* pp. 29, 30.)

# Spears in the Gloom

## An Incident from the Civil War in Ireland

By P. K. HORAN

A call and a cry thro' the night—
The hills but echoed the cry;
And Falsehood was gilded as Truth,
And pageantry garbed a Lie.

IN their eagerness to ape the military the prison ' leaders,' in Kilmainham as elsewhere, paraded their fellow-prisoners for purposes of inspection by the Free State officers. It was puerile and pathetic.

Every morning before breakfast we were paraded in the prison compound. Whistles blew from all quarters, and we were expected to tumble out of ' bed,' and parade in the compound under our own ' landing ' officers. There were three or four landings or tiers of cells in Kilmainham, and an ' Irregular officer was placed in charge of each landing by the imprisoned ' Irregular ' leaders.

My landing was in charge of a Scoto-Irishman. He hailed from some little place near Glasgow, and had come to Ireland, with a few others, on the outbreak of the Civil War. His accent was regarded as an unfailing source of amusement. My landing was number three. The Scoto-Irishman was wont to so emphasize the ' h ' in ' three,' that it always sounded like ' free.' It brought a smile to our faces in the gloomy compound every morning to hear,

' Number " free," shun.'

I was ' arrested ' once, in the prison precincts, for being late on parade. It was both annoying and amusing. The farcical element was very obvious, although the prison ' police ' were quite serious in the ' execution of their duty.' The ' police ' were, of course, ' Irregulars,' also. When the whistle blew I was delayed by something or other and the others were ' falling in ' when I appeared at the head of the iron stairs which led from landing number three to the compound.

A ' policeman ' obstructed my advance, and I returned to my cell. My name was taken down and reported to the ' leaders ' or ' staff ' as they were called. A ' policeman ' was sent to bring me before a ' court.' I refused to leave my cell. Soon one of the leaders—a Northern T.D.—came to interview me. He

counselled me, for discipline's sake, to obey the commands of the Staff. He urged that, for the sake of Republican morale, I ought to appear as an obedient soldier. To please him personally I consented to come before the ' court.' It was held in the large cell where the priest heard ' Confessions ' on Saturdays.

Several leading officers of the I.R.A. were there. I was arraigned on charges of being late for parade and refusing to obey orders. The stout, little 'policeman ' perspired in giving his evidence. The efforts made to create an atmosphere of solemn dignity were ludicrous, and not in the least impressive. I felt that it was absurd, in the first instance, to ' arrest ' a prisoner within a prison. It was a hollow mockery of law.

However, they seemed to believe in it. I would not in any wise acknowledge their right to ' try ' me. There was a heated argument after the hearing of evidence. A ' policeman ' stood at the door to prevent the other prisoners from listening and perhaps to give the childish proceedings an air of reality. The upshot of the whole matter was that the case was dismissed. I was ' free ' again. ' Sentence ' would have meant extra fatigue work. When a beggar rides on horseback he is none too gentle.

We washed the compound every week. The prison authorities supplied buckets and mops. The tables were scrubbed more often, of course. It was unpleasant work. Batches were appointed to do the work in turn.

Everything that happened in the prison seemed to be made known to the authorities. One day, when tunnelling operations were in progress, an Army Officer, with a file of men, came right into the centre of operations, and spoiled the plans. There must have been Government agents amongst the prisoners. Civil War divides households and separates comrades, and often makes distinctions very difficult. In the same way, it was impossible almost to know who was friend and who was enemy.

Secret service work was comparatively easy in those circumstances. Many of the prisoners tried to ingratiate themselves with the Officers and men of the Guard. Numbers of them used to congregate around one particular Officer who was well-known in the Republican ranks before the Civil War. It hurt the more extreme Republicans to see their ' comrades ' fraternizing with the enemy. My own cell-mate used to be disgusted. One day when this ' popular ' Officer was leaving a group in the compound Liam called to him,

'Billy, come back and give me a kiss.' It was cuttingly sarcastic.

Liam voiced his opinions very freely. He was weary of the whole National agitation, and would have no more of it. His definition of residence in Ireland was laughable.

'Ireland is a place or state of punishment where some souls suffer for a time before they go to America.'

In this he substituted 'Ireland' and 'America' for the words 'Purgatory' and 'Heaven' in the Roman Catholic Catechism—(Maynooth Cathechism).

Sometimes he was rather hard on folks. He spoke of the Anglo-Norman Invasion in this way. 'The English invaded Ireland, intermarried, and eventually became more ignorant than the Irish themselves.'

The student of Irish History will readily recall the reference to the Geraldine family who are said proudly to have become 'more Irish than the Irish themselves.'

We laughed together in 'Bothan An Aoibhnis' as we talked about the hours in Portobello Barracks. One incident we recalled again and again.

A Republican officer wanted to discover what 'Army' connexions the prisoners in Portobello had, and so before parading the Republican units proper he called out,

'Citizens' Army, fall in!'

Liam at once 'fell in,' and then another and suspicious-looking individual joined him. Liam looked at him questioningly. The man grinned feebly.

'You're not a Citizens' Army man,' Liam said.

The man left the 'ranks' immediately, and my cell-mate remained as 'the Citizens' Army.'

The suspicious-looking individual, it transpired, was carrying several watches on his person. From this we gathered that he was 'a looter,' and was attempting to identify himself with some unit of the Republican Army in order to escape probable punishment.

A strange assortment of men found their way into prison. Some of them were quite harmless, and it was a mystery to know why they had been arrested. However, there they were—many of them 'more Republican than the Republicans themselves.'

There was a Dublin street-gamin amongst us in Kilmainham Gaol. He was a newsboy, and had entered one of the occupied buildings during the fighting in the city. He was arrested with

the garrison and brought to prison. His father appeared outside the walls of Kilmainham one day, and shouted up for him. The black, untidy mop was thrust close against the bars.

'Yis, da!' rang down the walls.

'Come out,' called the father.

'No, I won't,' was the defiant answer.

'Wait till I get you out,' and a fist was shaken angrily below.

That boy felt that he was a hero. It did not seem to strike either of them, at the moment, that the choice did not rest in their hands at all.

One young man named Gabriel was greatly in demand at the cell window. All day long shrill, girlish voices called for 'Gabriel, Gabriel!'

Then the prisoners would take up the chorus and go about the landings calling, 'Gabriel, Gabriel!'

There were generally a few people gathered outside the walls, and the friends and relations of the prisoners, not being allowed to visit them, would shout their messages from the street. There was usually a babel of voices in the summer afternoons.

Behind the wires of the Internment Camp we would never hear a friendly voice.

One day there came a group of workmen to Kilmainham. They were brought in to repair pipes, I think. At any rate, when they departed one of the prisoners conceived the idea of escaping disguised as a workman. He managed to get a pair of 'dongaree' trousers, and taking a piece of wood in his hand, walked nonchalantly to the compound gate. The sentry there—all unsuspecting—opened the gate and let the 'workman' through. He nodded carelessly, and marched down the passage. We watched with unbelieving eyes. In a few minutes our 'workman' was marched back again between a file of soldiers. He had no pass when he reached the outer gate. He might have made some excuse to cover that, but when he was searched censored letters were found in his breast pocket. He returned a crestfallen captive.

On another occasion the prisoners organized a concert. The large cell where I was 'tried' was requisitioned for stage-property purposes. A blanket was placed over the cell-door to remove the cold, prison appearance, presumably. A number of tables were placed together to form a stage in the centre of the compound.

A programme was drawn up by 'a select committee.' The 'artistes' were very varied. A Dublin quay labourer sang the

first song. His raucous voice filled the compound in the half-light of the evening.

'Twas on Easter Monday,
The boys got the call
To join their battalions
In park, square, and hall.

And so on. This item was vigorously applauded.

A prisoner from Derry then sang, with straggling voice,

Oh, never fear for Ireland, boys,
For she has soldiers still.

'*Still* soldiers,' Liam whispered to me.

Another prisoner rose to sing the leading 'Sinn Fein' song. When he came to the words of the chorus, 'Soldiers are we,' Liam whispered again, 'And some are *big*.'

A recitation, 'The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God,' followed. 'Dangerous Dan M'Grew' was recited, with much vehemence, by a Dubliner. Clarence Mangan's song, 'My Dark Rosaleen' was next on the programme. One or two songs in Gaelic were rendered by a member of the 'Fainne,' or Irish Speakers' League, but the vast majority of the prisoners did not understand a word. Very few of them were interested in the Language Revival Movement. That was a disillusioning factor.

At the conclusion of the concert the prisoners stood to attention and sang 'The Soldiers Song.'

We'll sing you a song, a soldiers' song
With cheering, rousing chorus.
As round our blazing fires we throng—
The starry heavens o'er us.
Impatient for the coming fight;
And as we wait the morning light,
Here in the silence of the night,
We'll chant a soldier's song.
Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged to Ireland,
Some have come from a land beyond the sea.
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
To-night we man the bearna baoil
In Erin's cause come woe or weal,
'Mid cannon's roar and rifles peal
We'll chant a soldier's song.

These, in the main, however, were mock heroics.

The prison fare was very plain. It was not always palatable. Dinner often consisted of what my cell-mate described as 'alleged cabbage,' and as for the meat, he would

not say what species it belonged to, but suggested that ' the missing link ' had been discovered and led to the cookhouse.

Kilmainham Gaol had been condemned by the British Authorities some years previously, as unfit for human habitation; but women prisoners were drafted in after our removal to the Internment Camp.

A damp, dark and dirty passage led to the bathroom when the compound gate clanged behind one. We were given baths at fairly regular intervals. There was a visiting doctor there as well. He used to come in at stated times and ask how we were, and, as Liam said, ' Wouldn't believe you when you told him.'

One night we heard an awful groaning outside the walls. We questioned one another in the darkness. There was a sound of feet, and a pitiful moaning. Silence fell again except for the steady pacing of a sentry.

Next morning we were told that one of the guards had been shot accidentally. It appeared that he had walked across the prison yard, and one of the sentries at the outer gate, mistaking him for a prisoner, opened fire upon him. ' Nerves ' were general.

We had not paid any attention to the brief report of the rifle as we were quite accustomed to that kind of ' disturbance ' in the days of Civil War.

All the time my earlier dreams were beating, with impotent hands, against my heart.

Those were days of disillusionment, when no shaft of light lay across the darkness, and only the common incidents of prison routine and ' fellowship ' gleamed like spears in the gloom.

## 'BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK'

By MARY G. FINDLAY

Can God Almighty, great beyond our knowing,
He who controls vast suns upon their course,
God the Creator, ceaselessly bestowing
Life on His creatures, Life of life the source,

Can God—our lips dare scarcely frame the question—
Can He seek aught which we may yet refuse?
Stoops He to sue? Sure impious the suggestion!
Veils He His light that we may freely choose?

The life of God, self-kindled, self-expending,
Far beyond human bounds must stately move;
Can He seek aught? Have we aught for the lending?
Yea, love hath ever need, and God is Love.

# Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

## II DANTE (i.)

CHAUCER makes several references to Dante in his poems, calling him ' the wise poet of Florence,' and ' the great poet of Italy.' In the Prologue to the Second Nun's Tale, he gives a beautiful rendering of the address to the Virgin, which occurs in the final canto of Dante's *Paradise*. Other instances might be quoted which show that Chaucer had an intimate knowledge of Dante's great poem, and it would be interesting to know how he became acquainted with it. Their periods do not overlap, since Chaucer was born about twenty years after the death of the Italian poet. Twice he visited Italy, and it would probably be on the occasion of his first visit that he came acquainted with the *Commedia,* and brought a copy with him to England. Printing had not of course been thought of, and the volume would be the work of an Italian scribe. Many copies were made in the fourteenth century, some of them being beautifully illuminated. A few of these are still preserved in this country, and one would much like to know what became of the copy that was once in Chaucer's library.

It is not within the power of many to be able to read Dante's poems in the language in which they were written, but fortunately there are translations available, some of which preserve the beauty of the original as far as it possibly can be when presented in another language. The classic version is that by Cary, whose translation was instrumental in introducing Dante to the ordinary English reader. It was Cary who, as Paget Toynbee points out, ' once and for all made Dante an English possession, and in so doing won for Dante as well as for himself a permanent place in English literature.' I have made use of two others in the course of this study, Dean Plumtre's version, a very beautiful one, but not easily obtainable, and also that by the Rev. J. Wesley Thomas, a Wesleyan minister of fine literary ability, who adopted what is known as the ' three-line rhyme ' in his version, thus adhering to the original form of the poem. Another version which takes a front rank, is that by Longfellow, which possesses great charm.

***The Influence of Music on Dante.***

We do not know that Dante had any special instruction in music beyond that which was always included in the teaching of the universities in his time. These were more like our present

schools or academies, where boys of from thirteen to fifteen were instructed in the 'Quadrivium,' which included arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. Boccaccio, who was Dante's first biographer, tells us that

> In his youth he was exceedingly fond of music and singing, and he was friend and companion of every one of the best singers and players of those times. Often he was incited by his love for music to compose poems, which he caused musicians to clothe in pleasing and masterly melody.

In his *Convito* or *Convivia,* a work little known even now in this country, Dante thus discusses the art and power of music:

> Music is wholly a matter of relation, as may be seen in the case of the words and air of a song; for the more perfect the mutual relation of these, the sweeter the resultant harmony. And this relation is especially beautiful in this particular science, as being what the latter specially aims at producing. Again, music attracts to itself the several spirits of the human senses (which may be regarded as having been originally the vapours of the heart), so that they almost entirely cease from activity. The soul while listening to music is completely self-absorbed, the function of all the other spirits being, as it were, concentrated in the spirit of hearing, which is drinking in the sound.

The suitable mating of words and music was a point that the poet frequently advocated, as for instance in *Par.* xxviii., where he gives the union of 'notes in music with fit verse,' as an illustration of a perfect form of agreement.

It has been well said that great poets must almost of necessity be lovers of music. How true this is in Dante's case, how he yielded to its spell, and how, what is still more notable, his technical knowledge of the art is never at fault, will be apparent as we accompany him in his wanderings through the three kingdoms of Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise. Carlyle, in his *Heroes,* declares that Dante's great poem 'is in all senses generally a song. In the very sound of it there is a *canto fermo;* it proceeds as by a chant. One reads along naturally with a sort of lilt . . . it could not be otherwise . . . go deep enough, there is music everywhere.' There must indeed, be a wonderful power in Dante's lines to move to enthusiasm a nature so far removed from the influence of music as that of Carlyle.

***Meaning of 'Comedy.'***

In his *Divine Comedy* the poet relates his experiences as he journeys through the three kingdoms of Hell (or Inferno), Purgatory, and Paradise. Why, then, one may ask, does he choose such a strangely incongruous title for so serious a subject? The answer is soon told. The word 'Divine' is not the poet's

choice, and was not applied to the poem till many years after he died, first appearing in the edition of 1516. The main title, *Commedia,* is the name given by himself, as we gather from the lines in *Inferno* xvi., where he vouches for the truth of a statement in the words ' By this my lay, this comedy.' In his epistle to Can Grande, the poet expounds his title more clearly. He says that ' Comoedia ' is derived from the Greek ' comos,' a villa, and ' oda,' a song, and so the word means a village song, and he adds that a comedy is a kind of poetic narration differing from all others since it begins with sorrow and ends in joy, which this Trilogy certainly does.

At the beginning of the poem Dante wakes to find himself astray in a dark and lonesome wood. On emerging from it he meets the Latin poet Virgil, who offers to act as his guide through Inferno and Purgatory, as far as the entrance to Paradise. Dante accepts the offer, and together they pass through a gate which bears the famous inscription—

> All hope abandon, ye who enter here,

and proceed to traverse the various divisions of Inferno. Thirty-three cantos are devoted to the adventures that befel them there, but music finds no place amongst the lost souls of this dread region. At one time he meets a tribe of people advancing with slow and solemn pace, reminding him of a procession of ' choirs chanting solemn litanies.' A strange crew they are, men who in this world had pretended to be prophets and soothsayers. Now they are punished by having their heads turned so that in walking they are obliged to march backwards, and advance by retreating.

At one spot he finds lost souls who are trying to sing, but

> Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats
> Yet word distinct can utter none.

The only ' music ' he hears in this region is the sound of trumpet, bells, and drum, ' which only give notes of war,' and the mournful songs of the cranes as they ' traverse the sky, stretched out in long array.' Once indeed he hears a familiar hymn, ' Vexilla Regis prodeunt,' but it is a blasphemous parody, for the banners that are advancing are those not of the King of Heaven, but of Hell! This is one of the most famous of the Passion hymns of the church, and is widely known through Neale's translation, ' The Royal Banners forward go.' It dates from the eighth century, and its whole history is told at length by Mr. Mearns in the *Dictionary of Hymnology.*

# Letters from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

## PERMANENCE

I WAS doing water-colour sketches on the sands of a small seaside place, the name of which for good reasons I withhold.

The high cliff to the westward was alive with gulls. Gulls hovered over the waves as they broke on yellow sand, fringed with brown seaweed. The beach where I worked was reached by a narrow and very steep footpath. Round the bottom of the cliff, where the seagulls congregated, was a fishing beach, where tarred boats lay, which could be reached from my beach at low water. There was a small landing-pier there—the only pier this place boasted. I will call it 'Sunnysands' just to give it a name. Sunnysands was a backwash of seaside spots, where there were no entertainments, no lodging-houses for visitors, and no hotel.

The fishing village was miles from a town and was self-contained. Its picturesque High Street rose sharply from the cliffs, a narrow street, with flights of steps at intervals, where the steepness was pronounced, terminating in a sort of plateau between each set of steps. The houses on both sides of this street were built of granite, and were one and all small, and very homelike. Geraniums and fuschias grew over many of them, while scarcely one of the small-paned white-curtained windows was without window-plants. There were two or three shops, where antiquated goods were sold, but not displayed, to catch the eye of the passer-by. All the fisherfolk knew where to find what they wanted; and visitors were so rare, that I found myself an object of interested curiosity.

I had found a lodging in the abode of an old fisherman and his wife in a cottage at the very top of the cliff path, so very convenient for my work. This time you see I was making pictures of gulls for a Nature magazine. I had a small bedroom with so low a roof that my head was within a few inches of it—yet I am not tall! The bed had clean sweet-smelling sheets, and a wonderful patchwork counterpane. There was a doubtful mirror on the wall, which at first sight gave me the idea that the hot sun had played havoc with my complexion, for it appeared mosaiced with curious blemishes. My own mirror reassured me, when I anxiously consulted it!

There was a tiny washstand, triangular in shape, and fitting into a corner of the room as a wash-hand basin fitted into a hole in the washstand. There was a rush-bottomed chair, and that was all the furniture; yet, after the lapse of years I look back on that room with an affection which to some people might seem absurd. In my little bed, under the patchwork quilt, I lay at night, listening to the pounding of Atlantic breakers on that shore where I serenely worked by day, and hearing, often, without any will to listen, conversations between the good couple in the next room, which to me were a revelation in simple Christian faith.

Yes, their Joe had been lost at sea, but it was only they who had lost him—God hadn't. He never lost sight of any poor soul He had created; and one day they would meet him again,—that boy, who had such blue eyes and such a kind heart! And little Sally—she who worked at that patchwork quilt as she lay crippled so long—she was just waiting for them with her brother. One day their turn would come, and they would all be reunited. And to think of all the old friends they would meet too!

That was the kind of thing I listened to as the old couple talked in their bed. To these simple souls there was no shadow of a doubt of the *permanence of existence*. I thought of the world I knew and how so few seemed to possess this simple faith and trust. My own faith swelled and grew apace.

Early each morning my breakfast was served in the small kitchen. Fish, fresh caught, was cooked by the old bearded fisherman, who prided himself on his cooking, and with reason. The old woman spread snowy nappery on the little round table, with old old china-ware and a pot of homemade jam; also, which to me counted so much, a jar of mignonette as a centre-piece.

At the first sight of this jar of mignonette I said to the old woman, 'Oh! what a pity that lovely things like mignonette fade and die!'

She looked at me amazedly. 'Oh, miss, the good Lord doesn't let any beautiful innocent thing really die! There will be mignonette next year from the seed of this. It is only the bad things the Lord lets die. All that's good will keep on.'

More to see what she would say than for any other reason, I said, 'But what of the poor souls whose lives have been so wretched here, they only long for sleep from which they may never wake?'

She smiled radiantly, as she answered, 'And, miss, don't you think the Lord will be hushing such in His arms as they die, and

that they will wake that glad, they'll be wondering why they ever thought they didn't ever want to wake again? '

I felt rebuked. I also felt comforted, for I had just emerged from a great sorrow, and had almost wished that death meant the end of all things. There had been no one to whom I could unburden my heart about this particular grief, because it would have meant betrayal of another. I had come to Sunnysands determined to go on with my work, but still with a hopeless feeling that I did not want permanence. I had a longing to have done with everything. I wanted eternal sleep and forgetting.

On the beach, as I painted my seagulls after the old woman had spoken to me with such assurance of faith, a strange gladness came into my heart, a sense of healing. The music of the breakers, as they rose and curled and threw themselves on the yellow sand, was like a herald call of permanence. For how many centuries had these waves broken on these sands? For how many more centuries would they go on making their music! Ah! the beginning of things might be a mystery to us ignorant human beings; but, that life once begun, should not go on, now seemed to me unbelievable.

I painted my gulls joyously, and I think that something of the assurance that had entered my soul conveyed itself to my brush. Anyway, a naturalist said of the particular sketch I made on that morning that he had never seen such *live gulls*.

I left one little sketch behind for the old fisherman and his wife, with which they were extraordinarily delighted. But they did not know the great gift they had given to me.

I made a sketch of them, too, as they stood together outside their cottage. This was for myself. I framed it, and it is above my writing table as I pen these lines. I often look at it, if I find myself recalling my old sorrow, and at once I feel a rush of faith and hope entering my soul.

' Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings have I perfected praise,' comes to my mind.

In my wanderings I have learnt far more from the simple uneducated Christians than from the most learned men.

I no longer want eternal sleep and forgetting. I want *permanence* after the last closing of my eyes, for I know that the God who has created us out of nothing has done so that we shall persist and rise to joy undreamed of, if we but have a simple faith like those poor fisher-folk.

# Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

***'The Redemption of Human Life.'***

THIS is a vital subject which the Rev. G. B. Robson has brooded over for many a day, and into which his ripe thought and experience are condensed. It is published at 3*s.* 6*d.* net, and every one who reads it will be enriched and stimulated. Bits of personal experience brighten the discussion of such a theme as 'The Struggle for Existence,' and before we finish the first chapter we see that the redemption of life is every one's business, but in a special way the vocation of the Christian because Christ made it the business of His life. We see how Jesus applied His vision to the problems that surrounded Him. Then we face our 'Evasion,' and look on life as a daily challenge. Everything is ours which we can gather up into the unity of our lives as true Christians. Mr. Robson does not forget the Power that works in us. When we feel that there flows from God a never-failing stream of power, we reach a new level of existence. 'We stand in a new relation to everything, including our own past. Some of the old problems simply cease to exist, and if new ones arise we are no longer afraid of them.' 'Man, woman, and child,' in that chapter, we touch the centre of home life, and from it we pass to other people and wider questions. No one who believes in the redemption of life should fail to put himself under the guidance of this uplifting book.

***'A Life of St. Paul for Young People.'***

This is a Life of St. Paul for the Young, and Mr. Ronald Parkin has proved his capacity for such a task by the marked success of his beautiful *Life of Jesus*. He is evidently in love with his subject, and boys and girls will soon begin to share his enthusiasm. The Boyhood at Tarsus was spent in a city famous alike in the annals of peace and war. Visions of Oriental pomp and splendour rise before a traveller's mind as he journeys down the Cicilian Pass to the Turkish town of to-day. In Tarsus are 'busy streets and bazaars, gay with the bright colours of the picturesque Arab crowds, as they come from the sunlight of the open spaces to the deep shadows of the tortuous courts and alleys' From Tarsus we follow the boy of twelve or thirteen to the school of Gamaliel, where he attained such a knowledge of the Old Testament that everything in it was at his command. The death of Stephen, the conversion, the Arabian Desert, the

Apostleship, and the World Crusade are described in a way that arrests attention and brings out the wonders of a life that is crowded with wonders from beginning to end. (3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* net.)

***'Transforming Friendship.'***

The Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead delivered the substance of this volume as addresses to his congregation in Leeds, and it is a privilege to share it with them. Its Prologue is headed, 'A Modern Vision of Jesus,' and its meaning is unfolded in four dreams which capture the reader's attention at once. Our Lord's gift of friendship is the essence of Christianity. We may have communion with Jesus Christ as really as with our earthly friends, and its intimacy is such that all evil intentions, thoughts, and desires flee before Him. Many sides of the friendship are brought out with real insight and tenderness, and before we close the moving story we come face to face with 'The Endless Friendship and its Challenge.' It calls every disciple to service. 'To share with God the heartbreak of the world does not allow the true soldier of the Cross to sit down and weep.' It sends him out to labour for others and floods life with new joy and hope. (3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

***'Moses and Jesus.'***

This Primer of Sociology has two authors, the Revs. G. R. Holt Shafto and A. Gordon James (3*s.* 6*d.* net). It is based on the Decalogue which the writers believe to be 'a fundamental document of sociology.' Man must base his social life upon it, and it insists upon a God who has entered into personal relations with man. Jesus restored the commandments to their true place as principles by which the human conscience might educate itself. Each commandment is explained and applied to daily life, and subjects for consideration or discussion are added. The aim and intention of the Ten Words are to secure a condition of fellowship with God and with fellow men. That is the underlying thought in this impressive unfolding of the Decalogue.

***'Tales of Our Village.'***

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's beautiful set of stories have made a happy impression as they appeared month by month in the *Methodist Magazine*. They now appear in a half-crown volume, which will charm both young and old. These homely folk are alive and win our hearts. We share their joys and sorrows, we

enter into their daily toils and feel the keenest interest in all they say and do. It is a set of sketches, with a loving spirit, as well as a trained eye behind them, and though each tale is complete in itself, we feel before we reach the last that we know and love all the village. (2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

***Tracts for the Nation.***

The Rev. Joseph Johns has written six arresting Tracts for the Times. The danger lest Protestant principles should be thrust aside by Anglo-Catholic practices and the approach to Rome has been keenly felt by many of our countrymen, and they will find in these tracts facts and arguments which cannot fail to make a deep impression.

Their titles are:

1. *England's Choice: The Master or the Priest.*
2. *The Priest Unmasked.*
3. *Apostolic Succession—A Figment.*
4. *The Priest and the Sacraments.*
5. *The Priest; The Bible; The Nation.*
6. *Methodism or Priestcraft.*

Mr. Johns is outspoken and fearless, but no one will deny that a vigorous protest is urgently needed in the presence of the Conversations at Malines and the Uncompromising Encyclical which the Pope has just issued.

***'Partners.'***

This is described by Miss Estelle Gwynne as 'A simple chronicle of homely folk.' It is dedicated to Dr. T. Rushbrooke, 'the beloved physician,' who bears a much-honoured name. The partners are George King and Nancy. We see them on the morning after their wedding when they are everything to each other, and they keep it up amid many a struggle, till their children build up a prosperous business with their motor boat, and the curtain falls on two or three happy pairs of young folk who are bent on matrimony themselves. It is a story of pluck and fine temper, which it is quite refreshing to read. (2*s.*)

***Circuit Stewards.***

It is the duty of the Superintendents of Circuits to take care that the Stewards be annually changed or re-elected. Such Circuit Stewards are appointed at a Quarterly Meeting; the nomination being with the Superintendent, and the approval or disapproval with the meeting. The need of getting into communication with the Stewards of other Circuits leads to the

annual publication of a List of Stewards, with their addresses, and also the Circuits for which they act. There are 762 Circuits in Great Britain, having usually two stewards each, about one half of whom are changed from year to year. The issue for 1928 is now ready, price ninepence, per post tenpence. Stewards seeking to invite new ministers find this handbook of great value.

***The London Quarterly.***

The April number of the *London Quarterly* has an article on Thomas Hardy by the Rev. W. Bardsley Brash, which gives a fine estimate of his Wessex novels. Ibsen, Shelley, and Rossetti also appear in the number. A lady professor from Johannesburg writes on 'The Religious Basis of Plato's Theology.' Lovers of science will turn eagerly to Mr. Reinheimer's 'The World of Colloids.' 'The Benefit of Clergy' throws light on criminal procedure in the Mediaeval Church, whilst the enlarged edition of 'The Greville Memoirs' opens up a picture of life in England which is of abiding interest.

***A Bundle of Magazines.***

Some of our friends may be glad to be reminded of the range and variety of our Methodist periodicals. There is nothing on the market quite like *The Choir,* which is really indispensable for church musicians. It is brightly written, full of information on the music of to-day and yesterday, and every month it gives an anthem which choirs know how to appreciate. It is 4d. a month. *The Preacher's and Class-Leader's Magazine* (4*d.*) has enlarged its size and its constituency. Preachers have always prized it; now class-leaders are using it and find suggestive material for their work. It is doing real service to a host of invaluable workers. Young local preachers will find in it each month the study subjects and questions of the Union for Biblical and Homiletic Study which they ought to use. The *Church Record* (1½*d.*) is fortunate in having 'A Flutter in Brocade,' by Florence Bone, as its serial, and a delightful one it is. Its contributors include Mark Guy Pearse, A. B. Cooper, and other gifted writers. It is well illustrated and full of variety. Fathers and mothers can find nothing more attractive than the *Kiddies' Magazine* (2*d.*). Its pictures, in black and white and in colours, and its stories are inimitable, and there is an endless fund of amusement and profit as well in its pages. It will well repay you to have these magazines delivered every month.

# Books for Springtime.

## THE HOW TO IDENTIFY SERIES.

Size 6§ by 4¼, strongly bound. Fully illustrated throughout. Each **1/6** net. (Post 1½d.).

**Wild Fruits and Berries.**
By Richard Morse. F.L.S.
**Birds' Eggs and Nests.**
By S. N. Sedgwick, M.A.
**Wild Flowers.** By Hilderic Friend.
**Butterflies.** By S. N. Sedgwick, M.A.
**Common British Birds.**
By R. H. W. Hodges.
**Woodland Trees.**
By J. H. Crabtree, F.R.P.S.
**British Ferns.** By J. H. Crabtree, F.R.P.S.
**Grasses and Rushes.**
By J. H. Crabtree, F.R.P.S.
**Rocks and Fossils.**
By J. H. Crabtree, F.R.P.S.
**British Earthworms.** By Hilderic Friend.
**British Mosses.**
By J. H. Crabtree, F.R.P.S.

And many other Titles. Full list on request.

## CHOICE BOOKLETS.

Each 16 pp. with illustration on cover. Price 1d. net each. Assorted packet of 12 1s. net. (Postage 2d.)

Packet I. contains 2 each of Nos. 1 to 6.
„ II. „ „ „ 7 to 12.
„ III. „ 1 each of 1 to 12.

1 **Dan Kirkland's Doubts.**
By F. W. Boreham.
2 **The Footmen & the Horses.**
By F. W. Boreham.
3 **A Wedding in the Wilds.**
By F. W. Boreham.
4 **Catherine Booth's Text.** F. W. Boreham.
5 **'Lead, Kindly Light.'** F. W. Boreham.
6 **A Gift for You.** Mark Guy Pearse.
7 **The Apple of the Eye.** F. W. Boreham
8 **John Hampden.** F. W. Boreham.
9 **The Exhilarations of Life.**
By F. W. Boreham.
10 **A Pair of Compasses.** F. W. Boreham.
11 **The Prodigal's Progress.**
Mark Guy Pearse.
12 **What a Little Lad Did.**
Mark Guy Pearse.

These books have been specially produced in dainty form and in a new size on good paper.

Of all Booksellers. *Buy locally and save postage.*

**THE EPWORTH PRESS,**
**(J. Alfred Sharp),**
**25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.**

# National Children's Home and Orphanage

*(Founded by Dr. Stephenson in 1869)*

is caring for four thousand of the nation's children rescued from poverty and neglect, and is training them in homes, schools, and workshops for useful service to the community.

WILL YOU HELP US TO HELP THEM?

29 Branches 400 Children

*Principal:* Rev. W. Hodson Smith.

*General Treasurers—*
Sir Charles C. Wakefield, Bart., C.B.E.
Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., M.D., F.R.S.

*Chief Offices—*
**HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON, N.5.**

*NEW LIGHT ON WESLEY.*

**WESLEY : Christian Philosopher and Church Founder.**

By GEORGE EAYRS, Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S. Demy 8vo. Cloth, gilt, 288 pp., with portraits by RUSSELL, R.A., and HONE, and map of the Wesley Conversion District and Ordination facsimiles. **7/6** net. (Post 6d.)

Professor ARTHUR S. PEAKE, M.A., D.D., says: 'Dr. Eayrs' sympathy with Wesley's deep experience and his flaming passion for souls has imparted to his volume an insight and a glow which will make it a fount of spiritual inspiration.'

THE EPWORTH PRESS,
J. Alfred Sharp,
25-35 City Road, London, E.C.1.

**DELICIOUS COFF**

**RED WHITE & BLUE**

**For Breakfast & after Dinner.**

# THE HOME PROTECTION POLICY OF THE OCEAN

## Accident & Guarantee Corporation Limited

**36-44, MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2.**

## LIGHTENS THE BURDEN OF THE HOUSEHOLDER

**INSURES THE CONTENTS AGAINST**

**LOSS OR DAMAGE BY**

**FIRE, BURGLARY, ACCIDENTS TO SERVANTS, RIOT, LIGHTNING, STORM, TEMPEST, FLOOD, BURST WATER PIPES.**

(BUILDINGS CAN ALSO BE INSURED—TERMS ON APPLICATION.)

**AN INCLUSIVE POLICY AT AN INCLUSIVE PREMIUM.**

*JUVENILE BOOKS.*

**The White Prince of the Incas.**

By JOHN G. ROWE. Cloth, 4 plates, jacket in 3 colours. **5/-** net.

A fine story of the adventures in Peru of two Englishmen.

A fine healthy and stimulating book.

**Two Schoolgirl Guides.**

By ALYS CHATWYN. Cheap edition. **2/-** net.

Alys Chatwyn retains her position as one of the best writers for girls of modern school life.

*A FINE NOVEL.*

**Dan of the Ridge.**

By DOROTHY M. LANGSFORD, Author of 'The Outlaw,' 'Sun Chased Shadows,' &c Cloth, with jacket in colour. **5/-** net. (Post 5d.)

A fine healthy story of Australia, an ancestral English home, and a rascally cousin, all interwoven with a charming love interest.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON: THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. Alfred Sharp), 25-35 CITY ROAD, E.C.1.

PUBLISHED BY THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. ALFRED SHARP), 25-35, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
PRINTED BY RUSH & WARWICK, HARRIER PRINTING WORKS, DALSTON, E.8.